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LITERARY (AND OTHER) GOSSIP.

The *Cincinnati Commercial* for May 14, has an elaborate notice of "Mr. Probasco and his Library," and among the books noticed is a copy of Purchas' Pilgrims, as follows:

"His copy of 'Purchas, his Pilgrimage,' 1625-26, in five volumes bound by Bedford, is one of the finest copies existing. The fourth volume relating to America and the early English settlements was printed on the thinnest and sleaziest paper, and in ordinary copies is full of holes that peas might drop through. The holes in this copy have been filled with paper pulp, the missing lettering supplied by hand, and the sheets stiffened with sizing."

We certainly cannot congratulate Mr. Probasco on this copy of Purchas—it is evidently a made-up set. In the regular edition the paper of the volume is of equal thickness in all the volumes, and a copy "full of holes, . . . which have been filled with paper pulp" is certainly far from being "one of the finest copies existing." We have seen not less than twenty copies, none of which have been in the lamentable condition above described. Probably Mr. Probasco bought this set as "a bargain"—concerning which he certainly knows something.

We have received from Mr. J. W. Bouton "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," Catalogue of the Library of Thomas Westwood, Esq., (author of the "Chronicle of the Compleat Angler.") For Sale by J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway, New York, 1873. This Catalogue is a beautiful specimen of typography, with a *fac-simile* of "The Angler," from Juliana Berner's Treatise. The collection is one of the finest ever gathered together, and is now offered for sale in one lot, and offers a fine opportunity to a Piscatorian Bibliophile.

At the sale at Lisbon of the library belonging to the late Councillor Joaquim Pereira da Costa, a man of wealth and literary tastes, several rare editions of Camoens changed hands. Among others, the *Luziadas*, commonly known as the edition "do Morgado Matheus," was sold for £35, the purchaser being Mr. E. Vanzeller, an English gentleman. A beautiful copy of the edition, commonly called "dos Piscos," was sold for £21, the purchaser being a bookseller; a copy of the first edition, in tolerable condition, was sold for £23; and another copy of the

same, but without frontispiece, and having two pages in MS., fetched £9. In both cases a dealer was the purchaser. Although several foreign houses were represented at the sale, their limits were invariably passed, in the case of editions of Camoens, by Portuguese competitors.

The supplement of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of the 16th of April has an article upon Swinburne's Byron, and detailed quotations from the preface of the new editor, in which the hope is expressed that "something at once new and true" may one day be brought to light concerning Byron's life. "However, this, like much else besides, lies in the lap of the gods, and especially in the lap of one goddess, who still treads the earth. Till she speaks we cannot guess what she may have to say." To this phrase the editor adds: "Countess Guiccioli has died meanwhile without divulging anything." Now (says Mr. Karl Hillebrand, writing to us from Florence,) I have had the privilege of looking through the whole of the extremely valuable manuscript collection left by the Countess, which is still in the possession of her family. It contains, besides the MS. of a work on "Byron's Stay in Italy," by the Countess, which is full of unpublished letters and contemporary notices, a quantity of Lord Byron's autograph manuscripts, (for instance of "Marino Faliero," several cantos of "Don Juan," "Dante's Prophecy," &c.,) and what is a good deal more important, an extensive correspondence, dating from 1820 to 1823, which, however, is hardly adapted for publication.

I am informed on good authority, says the Manchester *Guardian's* London correspondent, that Mr. Mill's autobiography, which is singularly brief, is almost exclusively occupied with the history of his opinions, religious, philosophical, and political. It indicates changes in his views and sentiments, and the causes that contributed toward those changes; and, as may be readily supposed, the book possesses an extraordinary and a very intimate kind of interest. Mr. Mill's autobiography will form an admirable companion picture to Newman's "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Mr. Mill's two other posthumous works have been completed for some time. They form the continuation of a scheme or trilogy, in which the "Essay on Liberty" may be considered the first part. Previous

to the publication of that work, Mr. Mill stated it would probably give the death-blow to any influence he possessed with the general public, but the book "On Liberty" added to his popularity instead of diminishing it. He had resolved to publish the book "On Nature" during his lifetime, judging from the reception given to "Liberty," that it might have a chance of a fair hearing. I believe, however, that he could not look forward to a period within the compass of his own life when it would be prudent to issue the last of the three works, entitled "The Utility of Religion," the contents of which will, if I am rightly informed regarding them, somewhat stagger the more or less orthodox members of the Mill Memorial Committee.

A book agent entered the open door of a snug Pittsfield cottage one day last week, and nodding to a trim, bright-looking little woman who sat sewing by the window, commenced volubly to descant on the merits of a great work which he was for the first time giving mankind an opportunity to purchase. It was a universal biography, cook-book, dictionary, family physician, short-hand instructor, and contained, besides, a detailed history of every important event that has transpired in the world, from the apple incident and Adam's fall to Credit Mobilier and the fall of Congress. The work contained five thousand chapters, all with running titles. The agent, after talking on the general excellences of the volume about five minutes, commenced on the headings of those chapters, and as the woman did not say a word to interrupt him, he felt that he was making a conquest, and he rattled away so that she shouldn't have a chance to say no. It took him nearly half an hour, and as he breathlessly went on, the sweat started on his forehead, and he made convulsive grasps at his collar, and when he finished he had hardly strength enough left to put on a bewitching smile and hand her his ready pen wherewith to subscribe her name to the order book. She took the pen, but instead of putting her autograph on his list, she lifted a scrap of paper from her work-box, and wrote in plain letters, "Ime defe and dum." He said not a word, but the unutterable things that he looked, as he turned to the door, would fill a library. —*Commercial Advertiser*.

We understand that Mr. Clements Markham is about to publish a work on the subject of Arctic Exploration, entitled "The Threshold of the Unknown Region," in which he will relate the events connected with all the principal voyages which have touched the boundary of the region as yet unexplored around the North Pole. He will also discuss the best route by which the unvisited area may be examined, and describe the important scientific results to be derived from Arctic Exploration.

A bust of Shakspeare has just been carved by Mr. William Perry, of London, wood-carver to the Queen, out of the wood of the tree which most antiquaries believe to be the veritable oak of Herne the Hunter, in Windsor Park. Mr. Perry has made but little use of other portraits of the great bard. His delineation of Shakspeare's features avoids the theatrical mannerism and the extremely high forehead ascribed to the poet by Droeshout's print, the stiffness of the hair inseparable from the Stratford bust, and the excessively flowing locks of the Chandos picture.

In the June number of the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine*, the editor offers some explanation as to the origin of the title of the "Christian Year," on the authority of Mr. Parker, of Oxford, a son of the eminent publisher of the first edition of the work. According to this gentleman the late Mr. Keble, on entering the shop in Broad Street one morning, saw, at the top of a small staircase which led to a little gallery filled with book-shelves, a work entitled "L'Année Chrétienne," in twelve volumes, and at once asked Mr. Parker to allow him to examine it. A short time after, the "Christian Year" appeared, and there can be little doubt that the author took his title from the old French devotional work. At any rate, if this should not have been the case, the coincidence is remarkable.

The Savannah (Ga.) *Advertiser & Republican* rejoices that Jeff. Davis is writing a history of the rebellion, and expresses its regret that President Lincoln and Mr. Stanton did not also give us the benefit of their knowledge and experience.

Mr. W. Christie-Miller, in his privately printed "Alphabetical List of Black-Letter Ballads and Broad-sides, known as the Heber Collection," now in his father's possession, in the celebrated library at Britwell House, Bucks, notices that one ballad, called "A Mournefull Dittie, entituled Elizabeth's losse, together with a welcome for King James," contains the following stanza:—

You Poets all, brave Shakspeare,
Johnson, Greene,
Bestow your time to write
For Englands Queene.
Lament, Lament, &c.

The street-ballad writer, at any rate, knew who was the foremost poet of his time. The "Heber Collection" ranges from 1553 to 1601, and contains some very early and rare pieces. We hope its owner may reprint it.

Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature," having been revised to date, with 350 pages of new matter incorporated into the body of the book, is to be re-issued by Zell in fifty semi-monthly parts at half-a-dollar each.

The present Lord Lytton, better known by his name in literature, Owen Meredith, will, it is stated, shortly write his father's life.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon has said and done many things in his time in furtherance of what might be described as "jocular religion and comic salvation." But at the late anniversary of the London Missionary Society, at Exeter Hall, he outdid himself. Speaking of prayer, he said: "Oh, for more prayer! I had an odd illustration of its power, the other day, in Italy. In the hotels there, there are little ivory buttons in the wall, upon which you put your finger. They communicate with electric wires which ring the bells down stairs. A friend came in to take tea with us, and I put my finger on the button, but nobody came. I did it again; still nobody came. 'Now,' said my friend, 'I will put you up to a wrinkle—keep your finger on the button. If you only just put it on, it rings the bell; but if you keep your finger on, the bell will keep ringing down stairs.' Well, I did so; but even then the waiter did not come. At length my friend said: 'We have a couple of bedrooms here; I will go into one, and your friend can go into the other; let us ring all three bells, and then we shall fetch up all the waiters in the hotel.' So we put our fingers on the three buttons, and kept them there, and, I warrant you, the passage was soon full of waiters tumbling over one another. They thought the whole house must be on fire. We simply explained that as the ringing of one bell did not do, we thought we would ring all three, and found it a capital plan; but if they would only come more quickly another time, we would do it no more. Every time a man prays he rings the great bell in heaven! If two of you agree as touching anything concerning the kingdom, it shall be done unto you. There is no resisting it. If every man and woman here would begin to put their fingers upon the bell, the electric communication between earth and heaven, it would *awake the very angels*, and bring them down with untold blessings upon the church and upon the world." We cannot help hoping that the laughter and applause which greeted the comparison of the holy angels roused and wakened up by prayer to the idle waiters tumbling over each other at an Italian inn, does not express either the piety or wisdom of the general body of subscribers to the London Missionary Society.

We hear that Mr. B. Lumley, of her majesty's theatre, already known as an author by his reminiscences of the opera, is the writer who, under the pseudonym "Hermes," has written that strange work, "Another World."

The third volume of the "Life of Lord Palmerston," bringing the memoir down to the year 1857, will be published in the autumn by Mr. Bentley. The death of Lord Dalling (whose "Sketches of Peel, Melbourne, and Lafayette" are promised at the same time) has retarded the completion of the work until now,

"Shakespeare, Ward's Statue in the Central Park, New York." In these words we have the title-page of a superb volume of seventy-two pages, got up by T. H. Morrell, of this city, an enthusiast in his admiration of Shakespeare and in the researches that relate to his personal and literary history. The contents consist of an account of the inauguration of Ward's fine statue of Shakespeare, in Central Park, with the addresses of Judge Daly and Mr. Stebbins, Mr. Bryant's oration, and the poem of R. H. Stoddard, recited by Edwin Booth. Then follow poems relating to the occasion by Bayard Taylor, John Brougham, Arthur Matthison, and W. R. Wallace; an original paper on Stratford-upon-Avon, by W. B. Macley, and another on the portraits of Shakespeare, by R. H. Stoddard; a Description of Ward's statue, and a short article on the Tomb of Shakespeare by George Vandenhoff. The work is illustrated by several engravings on wood, among which is a very fine one representing the statue and giving a very perfect idea of it. It is admirably printed, thirty-eight copies in royal octavo and twelve in folio, and this is the whole impression, all of which we suppose is disposed of. It is intended that it shall remain a typographical curiosity, valuable for its extreme rarity as well as for its elegance, confined to a few libraries—the libraries of those who were so fortunate as to have thought of subscribing before the whole number of copies was taken up. In the next century this volume will probably be contended for at auction sales by book fanciers as the folio editions of Shakespeare's plays now are.—*Evening Post*.

Messrs. G. Routledge & Sons announce that they have purchased the copyright of all the published and unpublished works of the late Lord Lytton, and that they are now about to issue an entirely new edition of his works, to be known as "The Knebworth Edition." This new edition will be printed from new type on a handsome white paper, duodecimo size, and will be strongly and neatly bound in green cloth. It will contain all the novels, poems, dramas, and miscellaneous prose writing, forming the only complete uniform edition ever issued. The volumes will be published monthly, beginning with "Eugene Aram" this month.

"I Go A-Fishing" is the title of Mr. W. C. Prime's new book, which the Harpers have just published.

Women are distinguishing themselves as biographers. Miss Taylor recently published "Buckle's Life;" Mrs. Grote has just published an admirable sketch of the "Life of the Historian of Greece," and the best account we have of Montalembert is from the pen of Mrs. Oliphant, the author of "Edward Irving's Life."

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner writes to the *Athenæum* protesting against the publication of mutilated copies of his "Back Log Studies," by Ward, Lock & Tyler, which "has in addition a portion of an address delivered on a college anniversary, which has no more connection with this volume than it has with the Book of Acts. By the insertion of this the author is put in the attitude of one delivering an earnest appeal to the shovel and tongs of his own fireside." He adds, "Now I will not say that I should not be glad and proud to write books merely to have upon them the imprint of Ward, Lock & Tyler, it might be a pleasure to do that just for the sake of having an occupation; but both pleasure and occupation are gone when they make up books for me and put my name on them." The letter is prefaced by the following characteristic paragraph: "Although I belong by chance and by choice to a nation which will not do unto the authors of another nation what it would like to have that nation do unto its own authors, and I have no standing in your court, perhaps you will permit me to make a little statement in the interest of nobody in particular."

The manuscripts of "Sir Joshua Reynold's Discourses," together with the correspondence referring to his resignation of the Presidentship of the Royal Academy, which were sold the other day, have been secured for the library of the Royal Academy.

Mrs. Somerville's "Personal Recollections" are in the press. As Mrs. Somerville may be cited as the lady who has achieved the very highest distinction in science ever won by woman, these recollections should be full of interest.

An illustrated edition of "The Christian Year" is announced by Messrs. Parker. During the author's lifetime he was frequently urged to permit the publication of an edition with illustrations, but constantly refused. In 1852 an admirer of the work, Miss Hackett, produced a series of illustrations, which were published by Mr. Bogue, under the title of "An Attempt to Illustrate the Christian Year;" they were in 8vo, and sold for 10s. 6d.; these, inserted in the "Christian Year" of the same size, made an illustrated edition of the work, and formed a handsome guinea volume; but we believe that some objection was raised by the author, and the plates were never reprinted. The first edition appeared 22d June, 1827, in two volumes foolscap, 8vo; of these a fac-simile reprint was published in 1868; Mr. Keble's literary executor, and proprietor of the copyright, the Rev. Thomas Keble, Jr., prefixed to this a few pages showing the variations made at different times by the author. These corrections or emendations are all admitted to be improvements, but one alteration, made after the author's death, has been as generally objected to; in that which occurs in the poem for

Gunpowder Treason, the sense has been completely changed, and the doctrine of transubstantiation taught. We are informed upon good authority that Mr. Keble, Jr., felt himself bound by the author's wishes, and could not do otherwise than make the alteration. It is probable that had the author lived and seen the objections to which the alteration was liable, it would not have been made. A second edition of the work appeared in December, 1827, and to the third, which was published in March, 1828, were added poems for the occasional services; the fourth in August of the same year, and two editions in 1829, but after this the sale slackened till about 1840, when the eighteenth edition appeared. About 1845 the book took a fresh start, and every year since the sale has gone on increasing; and now that the copyright has expired, it is probable that half a dozen publishers will be competing with each other in still further extending the circulation.

An interesting relic of Chaucer is about to be swept away: the Tabard in the borough of Southwark, whence the pilgrims started for the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, nearly five hundred years ago, was sold on June 19, and will probably soon be demolished. Thinking that many of our readers would like to possess a copy of the announcement for the purpose of cutting it out and inserting in their "Chaucer," we reprint it *in extenso*:

Borough High Street.—The Tabard or Talbot Inn, the famous old English hostelry at which the Canterbury Pilgrims assembled, in the time of Chaucer, before proceeding on their journey: together with the Talbot Public-house, and other buildings in the Inn-yard, comprising several warehouses (including a substantial and extensive hop warehouse of six floors, recently erected), workshops, large ranges of stabling, offices, and dwelling houses, with gateway entrance from the main thoroughfare; also two houses and shops, Nos. 85, and 89, Borough High-st., the whole being freshhold, land tax redeemed, and the present income, exclusive of the portions in hand, about £1,200 per annum. The property occupies the important area of upwards of 29,000 square feet, and being situate within sight of London Bridge, and close to the hop market and London, Brighton, and South Eastern Railway Stations, is specially adapted for the erection of warehouses and other mercantile premises, which would produce a large ground rent. It is also, perhaps, the finest site in this district now available for a first-class theatre, hall, or public building.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER will SELL, at the Mart, on Thursday, June 19, at 2 in one lot, the very valuable FREEHOLD PROPERTY above described. The hop warehouse is let on lease for a term having about 20 years to run, the remainder on yearly and other tenancies, which will expire at Michaelmas next, or are determinable on giving six months' notice, so that a purchaser will have the benefit of almost immediate possession. Particulars, with plans, may be had of Messrs. Hollingworth, Tyerman, and Green, Solicitors, 4, East India-avenue, Leadenhall-street; and of the Auctioneers, 80, Cheapside.

At the sale of books and autographs of the late John R. Thompson, the copy of Bayard Taylor's Goethe's "Faust," with MS. dedication and preface, brought \$23; presentation copies from Tennyson of his several longer poems, \$7 to \$22 each; the autograph letter of Washington, \$100.

Among the books belonging to the library of Sir Richard Tufton, sold in Paris on April 28th last, the following brought good prices: "Hore," small quarto manuscript on vellum of the fifteenth century, with 38 large and 861 small fine miniatures, £1,200; a block-book of the "Apocalypsis Sancti Johannis," £100; "Virgilius, Aldi, Venet.," 1527, 8vo, in a Grolier binding, £240; "Le Romaunt de la Rose," bound by Trautz-Bauzonnet, £214; "Artus de Bretagne," Paris, 1502, £140; "Lancelot du Lac," Paris, 1533, £124; "Thuseus de Coulouge," two volumes in one, Paris, £37 5s.; "Les Quatre Fils Aymon," Lyon, 1526, \$88 16s.

The public Library of Cincinnati was the first in this country to open on Sundays. The experiment has been tried more than two years, and the results are thus stated by Mr. William F. Poole, the librarian, in his annual report:

"If there was any opposition to the measure here in Cincinnati two years ago, it seems wholly to have vanished; and now its most zealous supporters are religious men who have most at heart the welfare of the community. I am informed by the President and Superintendent of the Young Men's Christian Association of our city, that they are not only earnestly in favor of the Public Library being open on Sunday, but they know of no opposition to it among the evangelical clergymen and laymen who belong to the Christian Association. The perfect order and decorum which have always prevailed in our reading-rooms would be creditable in a Sunday-school. The attendance and issues of Sunday, during the past year, have exceeded those of the previous year; although from the contracted space in our temporary reading-rooms, such increase seemed to be impossible. The attendance on no single day has been as large, but the average attendance has been larger and more uniform, and a larger proportion of books have been consulted than formerly. Of late, it has frequently happened that more books than periodicals have been called for. The issues of the year have been 9,820 books, and 12,915 periodicals, against 6,475 books, and 13,442 periodicals, the previous year—a total of 22,735 issues. The daily average has increased from 383 to 437."

The ways of the compositor are wonderful. He is an enigma that everybody must give up. You may write as plainly as you will, with careful and conscientious regard to your words and their meaning, and that compositor will return you your production in a shape to drive you wild. Roughly speaking, there are two kinds of compositors—the one that follows copy, and the one who is wiser and smarter than the writer, and corrects the copy according to his inner consciousness. The first would do his work well, if he always took the pains to look at his copy. Unfortunately, with the best intentions he often fails to attend to what is before him, and produces results that are astonishing. In this case there is, however, this satisfaction, that the blunders are so gross and palpable that the reader cannot mistake their origin. No man *could* have written so. But the second sort are the horror of all writers. They know better than the writer what he wants to say, and they will make him say it in *their* way, or die in the attempt. A friend of ours was seeing a book through the Press, in which he mentioned Thomas Aquinas as "the Angelical Doctor." The

proof came back "the *Anglican* Doctor." Our friend corrected it. The second revise came down "Anglican Doctor" once more. Once again he corrected it; and once more, fortunately, he discovered, before it was too late, that it remained "Anglican Doctor" still! In despair he called proof-reader and foreman, and asked in anguish of spirit, "Can I not have this word right? *Must I* go out to the cold, unfeeling world, written down an ass for calling Thomas Aquinas an Englishman?" He was informed that he must interview that particular compositor himself—that all persuasions had been used upon him, but nothing had been able to induce him to consider Aquinas anything but an Anglican. Our friend went to this obstinate compositor: "Why do you not correct this? It is Angelical Doctor, not *Anglican*; and you persist in making me call him Anglican Doctor! Why is it?" "Angelical Doctor!" said the man of types—"Angelical Doctor is nonsense! How can a Doctor be Angelical? You must mean Anglican, of course. There is sense in that; but an Angelical Doctor is ridiculous!" "But," said our friend, "Thomas Aquinas was not an Englishman. He was, I assure you, an Italian. They did really call him by that ridiculous name; Angelical. Did you ever read about him? Did you ever read any of his books? Well, I have; and I assure you, although he was not my family physician, that he is really called the Angelical Doctor; and if you have any pity for a fellow-being in distress, you will allow me to call him so in my book! After much persuasion, and standing by to see it done, our friend got his word right; but till the day of his death, that compositor—he feels it in every fibre—will consider him a dunce.—*Church Journal*.

The National Library of Paris has bought the bulk of the interesting collection of books, MSS., engravings, &c., relating to Montaigne, which the late Dr. Payen had laboriously formed, with the intention of writing a history of the life and works of the celebrated author of the "Essais." The collection includes all the known editions of the latter book, and two copies of the first edition, 1580. (A copy fetched £82 8s. at the Radzivil sale.) J. Ch. Brunet, in the second edition of his "Manuel" (1814, p. 377), says this very edition was then only worth five to seven francs. No wonder; for European collectors were at that time too busy with the great wars to set any value on the first edition of a book. Now the second edition of the "Essais," 1588, is almost as scarce as the first, and is more complete. A copy of it in the Public Library of Bordeaux is full of autograph notes, corrections, suppressions, and additions, which until now have never been properly investigated.

The extensive library of the late M. Serge Sobolewski, of Moscow, is to be sold at Leipzig on the 14th of July, and following days. M. Sobolewski was well known as an eminent collector of bibliographical, literary, and especially geographical works, in all the European languages. He was a great traveller, constantly on the wing; but while travelling in Germany, France, England, Italy, or Spain, his chief aim was ever to enrich his already large collection. His complete set of De Bry's "Grands et Petits Voyages," in Latin and German, may be said to be almost unique; the 85 parts, bound in 55 vols., being very seldom, if ever, met with in good condition. On this subject, M. Sobolewski wrote to M. J. Ch. Brunet an interesting letter, which was inserted in the first volume of the last edition of the "Manuel du Libraire." Among the early books of geography and travels included in the forthcoming sale, we may quote, "Itinerarium Portugallensium," Milan, 1508; Ruchamer's "Newe Unbekannte Landte," Nuremberg, 1508; another, until now unknown, edition of the same book, in "Plattddeutsch," translated by H. Ghetelen, and likewise printed in the same year by G. Stuchs; "Berlinghieri Geographia," Firenze, circa 1480; "Mandeville's Travels," in Italian, Bononia, 1488; a German translation of the same book, Strassburg, J. Prüssz, 1483; "Isolario de B. Zamberto," Venezia, circa 1477, &c.

The third volume of the "Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston," by the late Lord Dalling, will appear in the autumn. Contrary to what was at one time intended, a fourth volume is in preparation, the materials for which will be furnished by the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper-Temple. It will, it is believed, be edited by the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, who was for some years private secretary to Lord Palmerston. Lord Dalling's Sketches of Sir R. Peel, Lord Melbourne, and Lafayette, will also be published before very long.

The Abbé Liszt has just reappeared at Peth after an absence from the stage of twenty-five years. The Abbé has considerably altered: he is pale, and his brown hair has turned quite white. He received a most frantic welcome; and after the concert the audience literally fought to obtain some souvenir of the evening, such as a scrap of music or a piece of red cloth. The very piano was in danger of being injured, the people struggling to break off a piece as a relic.

We understand that Prof. Morley's "First Sketch of English Literature," which has been in preparation for a long time, is now nearly ready for publication.

Nast's "Pickwick" will be issued immediately by the Harpers, in their Household Dickens.

The *Athenæum* says: "The correspondence of the late Mr. John Stuart Mill was extensive and various, and cannot be too soon or too carefully collected and collated. The executors of the late Mr. John Sterling must be in the possession of many valuable letters. Mr. John Robertson, who was editor of the *London and Westminster Review* when Mr. Mill was the proprietor, received many notes and letters from him. Lord Ashburton and Lord Overstone are likely to have several valuable letters in their archives. But the most curious correspondence, perhaps, in which John Stuart Mill was ever engaged, was a discussion, which he carried on for some months, in French (a language which he talked and wrote fluently and admirably), with Auguste Comte, respecting women. The exalted opinion which Mill held of the sex is well known, and Comte controverted it by maintaining that 'the intelligence of women amounted at best to only a small instantaneous sagacity.'"

In the newly-published volume of Monographs by Lord Houghton, there is the following story of Sidney Smith's clerical fun in Yorkshire: "He willingly assisted his neighbors in their clerical duties, and an anecdote of one of these occasions is still current in the district, for the authenticity of which I will not vouch, but which seems to me good enough to be true. He dined with the incumbent on the preceding Saturday, and the evening passed in great hilarity, the squire, by name Kershaw, being conspicuous for his loud enjoyment of the stranger's jokes. 'I am very glad that I have amused you,' said Mr. Sidney Smith at parting, 'but you must not laugh at my sermon to-morrow.' 'I should hope I know the difference between being here or at church,' remarked the gentleman, with some sharpness. 'I am not so sure of that,' replied the visitor. 'I'll bet you a guinea on it,' said the squire. 'Take you,' replied the divine. The preacher ascended the steps of the pulpit, apparently suffering from a severe cold, with his handkerchief to his face, and at once sneezed out the name 'Ker-shaw' several times in various intonations. This ingenious assumption of the readiness with which a man would recognize his own name in sounds imperceptible to the ears of others, proved accurate. The poor gentleman burst into a guffaw, to the scandal of the congregation; and the minister, after looking at him with stern reproach, proceeded with his discourse and won the bet."

We invite the attention of buyers of Rubber goods to Mr. Shattuck's card in our advertising pages. He is a near neighbor of ours, and our friends may safely entrust him with their orders.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bauble.—I have no books at hand, but you can tell which was the earlier, Nares or Shakespeare. Nares (quoted by Webster) defines a "Bauble" as follows:

"A fool's bauble was a short stick with a head ornamented with ass's ears fantastically carved upon it."

Having read the above, I turned to Falstaff's description of Slender, who "was for all the world like a forked radish with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife."

QUIS.

[Nares's Glossary, from which Webster quotes, was first published in 1821.—Ed.]

Sir Walter Scott.—In *The Chronicle or Harrisburgh Visitor*, Vol. III, No. 51, Monday evening, May 20, 1816, I find the following:

"A GOOD HIT AT WALTER SCOTT.

(From a London paper.)

"It is said that a great Northern poet, whose reputation has been damaged by his late effort, has some serious intention of applying to the committee as 'one of the sufferers by the Battle of Waterloo.'"

"EPIGRAM ON SCOTT'S WATERLOO.

"How prostrate lie the heaps of slain

On Waterloo's immortal plain!

But none by sabre or by shot

Fell half so flat as Walter Scott—

Yet who with magic spear or shield

E'er fought like him on Flodden Field."

I give it exactly as it stands in the *Chronicle*. It does not certainly appear that the epigram is "from a London paper," although that might be a fair conclusion. Who can tell?

BLOOMSBURGER.

What Forrest?—In *The Philadelphia Gazette & Universal Daily Advertiser*, Friday, 2d February, 1798, I find the following announcement:

"Married, last evening, by the Right Reverend Dr. White, Mr. William Forrest, merchant, to Miss Dunlap, daughter of Mr. John Dunlap, of this city."

Were these persons the parents of Edwin Forrest, the Actor?

The same paper gives this:

"— at Fairfield, Virginia, on Thursday, the 18th ult., Thomas Fairfax, Esq., to Miss Louisa Washington."

I have not been able to find how the young lady was related to the General.

BLOOMSBURGER.

Some More Notes About Ticonderoga.—

1. As is, or should be, well known, the first person to suggest the capture of Ticonderoga was Captain John Brown, who mentioned the enterprise to the Massachusetts committee before the outbreak of hostilities. At that time he was at Montreal, whither he had been sent by the committee in Massachusetts. As a matter of interest, I give below a copy of his bill of expenses on the occasion of this journey. It is taken from the Massachusetts Archives (MS.), vol. 146, p. 38:

1775	Province of Massachusetts Bay,	
	To John Brown, Dr.	
May 2d,	To 49 Days Service as Agent to	
	Canada By order of the Congress	
	at 9 ^s $\frac{1}{2}$ day - - - - -	£22 11
	To Cash paid for expenses—at 5 ^s	
	$\frac{1}{2}$ day - - - - -	12 5 ^s
	To £10 paid to Pilots, P. Bowers	
	and Interpreters - - - - -	10
		£44 6 ^s
	Contra Cr.	
	By Cash Recd - - - - -	20
		£24 6 ^s

Errors Excepted.

$\frac{1}{2}$ John Brown.

11. The next person known to have made any movement for the capture of Ticonderoga was Benedict Arnold, who was also the only person who had any real authority for acting. The two following documents copied from the Massachusetts MSS. show what he suggested, and how he was authorized to act for the capture.

In Committee of Safety April 30. 1775.

Capt. Arnold, Captain of a Company from Connecticut attended and Reports, that there are at Ticonderoga 80 pieces heavy Cannon. 20 ps. Brass Cannon from 4. to 18 pounders 10. or a doz. Mortars at Scheneshorough on the South Bay 3 or 4 ps. Brass Cannon. the Fort in a ruinous condition suppose has about 40. or 45 men a number of Small arms and considerable stores— A Sloop on the Lake of 70. or 80 Tons—

WILLIAM COOPER Sec^y

(Mass. Archives, vol. 146, p. 30.)

"Committee of Safety May 3, 1775.

Voted that Coll^o Arnold appointed to Secret Service to be directed to appoint 2 Field officers 6 Captains & sub officers as necessary; & that the said field officers, captains &c be allowed the same pay during their continuance in Service as is established for officers & privates of the same Ranks who are order'd by the Congress of Massachusetts Bay to be raised for the Defence of the Rights & Liberties of America the officers & Privates to be dismissed by

Coll^d Arnold or the Committee of Safety whenever they shall think proper."—*Mass. Archives*, vol. 146, p. 39.

III. An operator in this connection was one Parsons, who has been brought forward for the glorification of Connecticut, it being deemed proper by some that that State should have the credit of originating the capture of Ticonderoga. Parsons, however, had previously spent some time at Cambridge with the Revolutionists there assembled, and probably was instructed by them on the subject. He also conferred with Arnold on the subject, April 27th, when Arnold was leaving Hartford for Cambridge. From a consideration of all the circumstances, it would appear that Arnold himself was set to thinking, not by Parsons, but by a committee from Massachusetts sent to Connecticut some time before; and as this point has hardly been considered heretofore, the following documents may be of interest, from which the reader will draw his own conclusions:

"April 8th, the Provincial Congress, at Cambridge, passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the present dangerous and alarming situation of our public affairs renders it necessary for this colony to make preparations for their security and defence, by raising and establishing an army, and that delegates be appointed forthwith to repair to CONNECTICUT, Rhode Island and New-Hampshire, informing them that we are contemplating upon, and are determined to take, effectual measures for that purpose; and for the more effectual security of the New England colonies and the continent, to request them to co-operate with us, by furnishing their respective quotas for general defence."—(*Records Mass. Prov. Cong.*, p. 135).

"On motion, it was resolved that Col. Jedediah Foster and Major Bliss should be the committee. On the 10th, Col. Danielson was added to the committee.

"The next day they received their instructions, which were to proceed 'as soon as may be' to Connecticut, and obtain an 'early conference with the governor and company of that colony,' make known the views of Massachusetts and do all that lay in their power to gain the co-operation of Connecticut against the common foe. They were instructed to remain at Hartford as long as might be necessary."

And it is interesting to know that this committee saw Governor Trumbull twice before April 23d, which was four days before Parsons returned from Massachusetts to Hartford.

In the absence of other documents, the following will be of interest as showing

further connection between Gov. Trumbull and the Massachusetts committee:

"Gentlemen

I have Just rec'd an Express from the Gen'l Assembly of Connecticut, In which they mention a sett of Papers you proposed to send them such as your Military Establishments, Enlisting Orders, &c.—also your Code of Military Laws, for the Government of the United American Army—and also, a Resolution of Congress for acting offensively, prepared with a manifesto—of such other Papers as you think proper—I have a messenger waiting, and will forward them as soon as they can be procured and sent to me here.

I am gentlemen

Your most humble servant

JOS: TRUMBULL.

COL^d. FORSTER COL^d. DANIELSON

MAJOR BLISS

Head Quarters at Cambridge May 6, 1775

4 o'Clock P. M.

The letter of John Adams, bearing date of May 2, 1775, and written at Hartford, referring to the Ticonderoga Expedition, says:

"Certain Military movements of Great importance, and with the utmost secrecy have been set on foot in this colony of Connecticut which I dare not explain, but refer you to Colonels Forster, Danielson and Bliss."—(*New York Review*, Vol. II. p. 220, 1826.)

This indicates again how active the Massachusetts committee had been while in Connecticut.

As regards Parsons himself, for whom such high honor has been claimed, he wrote nothing on the subject until the June following the capture of Ticonderoga, when he dispatched his letter to Middletown, where it lay undiscovered until after all the parties capable of disputing its correctness had gone down to the grave. *Exit* Parsons.

QUIS.

To Have Legislation.—This expression often occurs in official documents. Examples: "To become operative so soon as the proper legislation should be had on the part of Great Britain and its possessions." "Legislation on the part of Great Britain and its possessions had not then been had." "I would recommend that no more legislation be had on the subject."—*President's Message*, 1872-3. "It is therefore recommended that legislation be had looking to the protection and defense by the United States of persons against whom suit shall be instituted for such arrest." "I unite with the Surgeon-

General in the recommendation that the necessary legislation be had to provide for the publication."—*Report Secretary of War, accompanying President's Message, 1872-3.*

Is the expression a good one?

POTOMAC.

Who Was this First Male Child Born in Virginia?—In *An Account of the Life, Travels, &c., &c., of Samuel Bownas, London, 1756, p. 138, appears* the following:

"I went that night (Feby., 1727) towards *Chuck-atuck, &c.* I had some Discourse with an ancient Friend (there) concerning the Health of the Country, we supposing People did not live so long in *Virginia* as in *Europe*. This Friend told me, the first *Man-child* that was born in the Province of *English Parents* lived eighty Years. * * * *

"But this *First* born of the Province was very remarkable, for it was said that he was disaffected to the then Government, and had uttered some treasonable expressions against it, and for that cause was tried and found guilty, being condemned to die for that Crime. But when it was made [to] appear that he was the first *Male-child* born in the Province of the *ENGLISH Nation*, it was ordered that he should be pardoned. Thus he was preserved from that untimely end, to run out *Nature's Race*, which was eighty Years."

P.

Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.—Dean Ramsay, in his Preface (p. xvii) to the twenty-first edition of his admirable "*Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*" (Edin., 1872), repeats an old story of a Scottish piper. I will give it exactly in the Dean's own words:

"A Scottish piper was passing through a deep forest. In the evening he sat down to take his supper. He had hardly begun, when a number of hungry wolves, prowling about for food, collected round him. In self-defence, the poor man began to throw pieces of his victuals to them, which they greedily devoured. When he had disposed of all, in a fit of despair he took his pipes and began to play. The unusual sound terrified the wolves, which, one and all, took to their heels and scampered off in every direction. On observing which, Sandy quietly remarked, 'Od, an I kened ye liket the pipes sae weel, I'd a gien ye a spring afore supper.'"

The same story is substantially told by Samuel Rowlands in his "*Night-Raven*," 1620, in the piece entitled "*Terrible News for Tabor and Pipe*" (Hunterian Club reprint, p. 12). In the latter case it is a solitary bear. After having eaten what was thrown to him, the bear took

again to scraping at the tree-root, when the poor fellow in the branches—but I may quote here the words of the writer:

"Oh now (quoth he) I haue no hope at all,
The tree begins to shake, and I must fall,
Adew my friends this Beare will me deuouer,
Yet as a farewell at my dying hower,
Euen in dispight of *Paris-garden* foes
Ile haue a fit, as hard as this world goes,
And so betakes him, to his Pipe and Tabor,
An l doth them both, so sound and braue belabor,
The Beare amazed from his scratching runs
As if at 's breech had been a peale of guns,
Which when the Taborer with ioy did see,
Well Beare (he said) if this your humor be,
Would I had knowne to vse the charming feate,
You should haue daunc'd before you had my meate."
S.

John Abernethy, F. R. S.—Where was this distinguished surgeon born? I notice in one or two biographical dictionaries it is stated that he was a native of Scotland or Ireland; surely, with a little diligent research, his birthplace may be traced out. The origin of the biscuit bearing his name is as follows: On taking his rounds westward, it was his custom to take luncheon at a baker's, opposite Coutt's bank in the Strand, kept by John Caldwell. One day, after partaking of the ordinary "*Captains*" biscuits, he suggested to the shopkeeper that it would be a great improvement if, in making them, he added a little sugar and some caraway seeds. The baker took the hint, and from that day "*Abernethy Biscuits*" got their name and their fame.

W. WRIGHT.

[Both Abernethy in Scotland, and Derry in Ireland, claim the honor of having been the place of Abernethy's birth.—Ed.]

Early Criticisms of Bulwer.—(See BIB., Vol. 5, p. 49.) The severity of criticism with which the earlier works of Bulwer were visited did not always proceed from a feeling of "rancor;" and readers of by no means squeamish tastes concurred to a greater or less extent in the conscientious judgment of Mr. Wilberforce as recorded in his diary:

"Looked at Pelham—most flippant, wicked, unfeeling delineations of life—to read such scenes without being shocked must be injurious. I am sorry—read it. For very shame I would not have it read to me."—*Life of Wilberforce*, by his Sons, vol. v. 291.

H. D. C.

"*Albert Lunel*": by Lord Brougham (?)—Although it is known that the pen of this celebrated man was conversant with every subject connected with *fact*, and it was ill-naturedly said of him that "if he had only known a little of Chancery law, he would have had a smattering of everything," there seems to be an indisposition to believe that he has also adventured into the realms of *fiction*. Yet the curious among book-collectors have long been aware of the existence of a three volume novel of the orthodox 8vo size, entitled, "*Albert Lunel*; or, *The Château of Languedoc*;" although, until lately, few could have seen it. The attribution of this to the great statesman, in Bohn's edition of the "*Bibliographers' Manual*" of Lowndes, and elsewhere, had never been questioned; and it is probably to certain doubts as to the correctness of the statement, put forward on the occasion of its recent republication, that I am to ascribe its exclusion from the interesting "*Bibliographical List of Lord Brougham's Publications*" (100 copies privately printed, J. R. Smith, 1873, 8vo, pp. 24), for a copy of which I take this opportunity of thanking the author of the "*Handbook of Fictitious Names*." The bibliographical history of the book in question is somewhat curious, and may seem to deserve a record here. It was printed, without name of author, by Charles Knight, in 1844; but, according to Lowndes, was so rigidly suppressed by its author before publication, that only *five* copies, which had been presented to friends, were allowed to get abroad. The approximate value set upon one of these by Bohn was five guineas; and certain it is that whenever a copy, *longo intervallo*, occurred for sale, a very high price was set upon it and probably realized. I have seen it catalogued by a bookseller, £3 18s. in half morocco; and the late Mr. Rodd, in his catalogue for 1846, marked a copy at £5 5s. With the death of the author, the motives of its suppression, whatever these may have been, would

seem to have ceased; and early in 1872 a number of copies were sold off, so that a set was attainable for some three half-crowns, or even less. The copyright appears to have got into the hands of Mr. Thomas Millard, whose entire interest in the same was subsequently purchased by Mr. Charles H. Clarke, of 13 Paternoster Row, who, in 1872, either reprinted it or issued the old book with a new title. A review of this appeared in *Figaro* of Oct. 5, 1872, characterized by the hyper-æsthetical morality, so common just now, and which illustrates the truth of Dean Swift's axiom, that nice men have very nasty ideas.

The fourth chapter of the first volume, which, the reviewer says, "savors of Holywell Street abominations," and is "a stupidly coarse account of seduction by a monk," may be read, even with the prejudice caused by this statement, aloud by a father or a mother. As for the rest, I must leave others to decide how far it is a "miserable production," "contemptible twaddle," or "ditchwater balderdash," and advert to the doubts thrown upon the authorship. These latter produced a reply from Mr. Clarke, the publisher, in *Figaro*, Oct. 12, 1872, in which he states that he had purchased the entire interest in the work from Mr. Millard, to whom it had been sold by the present owner of the title, who, at the time, wrote the following letter:—

"21, Berkeley Square, 29 Nov., 1871.

"I hereby undertake to make no claim in respect of copyright, and not to take or permit to be taken, any proceedings at law or equity against Mr. Thomas Millard, in the event of his reprinting in any form he may think fit, the book called "*Albert Lunel*."

(Signed)

"BROUGHAM AND VAUX."

Now, this letter, pertinent to the question of copyright, affords, it will be observed, no elucidation on the subject of authorship, which we are left to infer as best we may. There does not seem, however, to be much room for doubt. A critical notice of the novel, with a brief analysis of the plot, occurs in the *Spectator* of Oct. 19, 1872. Shortly previous to this, a privately printed volume of the letters of Lord Brougham had appeared; and in this, it is alleged, "a most explicit avowal of the authorship is to be found." It would also appear to give some indications for a *key* to

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the characters,—such as, that by "the Baron" was represented the author; by "M. La Croosse," John Wilson Croker; by the "Chevalier André Agneau," Sir Andrew Agnew, &c.

Further evidence is afforded by a letter shortly following, also in the *Spectator*, to which the name of Lady Georgiana Chatterton was appended. In this, the writer states that she was sitting with Mr. Rogers, the poet, at one of his now historical breakfast-parties, when he received from Lord Brougham a presentation copy—one of the five—of "Albert Lunel." Rogers handed the volumes to his fair guest, charging her to read them quickly, and not breathe a word as to the author. "I did so," she continues, "and finished them by the time I went to a dinner-party on the following day. In the evening I met Mr. Rogers, and he told me that he had sent to my house for the books, as Lord Brougham had ordered the work to be suppressed, the reason (as he had heard) being, that many of the characters were from real life. I have never met with any one who had read it before its suppression, except the late Dean Milman, nor since its suppression, till within the last few months."

A notice of the novel is also to be found in the *Athenæum* of July 6, 1872.

I have now written all that occurs to me on the subject of "Albert Lunel," and conclude with the questions:—

Who wrote it?

Is Mr. Clarke's edition of 1872 an actual reprint, or a re-issue of the old book, as originally printed by Charles Knight in 1844, with a new title-page?

W. B.

Lord Lyndhurst's Plagiarism.—Lord Campbell, in his "Life of Lord Lyndhurst" (p. 8), quotes some verses which master Copley, at the age of fourteen, gave to a young lady, and adds, "I suspect them to have been copied from a scrap-book, for he has never since been known to versify." They begin:

"Thy fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love!"

Lord Campbell did not know that his countryman, Smollett, was their author, and that they occur ("Roderick Random,"

chap. lx) in an ode to Celia, of which the above words begin the fourth stanza.

CYRIL.

[TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall be glad to receive and publish items—literary, dramatic, or historical—of interest to the readers of the BIBLIOPOLIST. Everything of value to the *American Antiquary*, *Book-worm*, or *Print Collector*, will meet with especial welcome.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS will, we trust, excuse our suggesting to them, both for their sakes as well as our own—

I. That they should write clearly and distinctly—and on one side of the paper only—more especially proper names and words and phrases of which an explanation may be required. We cannot undertake to puzzle out what a Correspondent does not think worth the trouble of writing plainly.

II. That Quotations should be verified by precise references to edition, chapter, and page.

III. CORRESPONDENTS who reply to *Queries* would add to their obligation by precise reference to volume and page where such *Queries* are to be found. The omission to do this saves the writer very little trouble, but entails much to supply such omission.

IV. All communications should contain the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

MISS O'NEILL.

Robert Dale Owen has a very pleasant article in the July *Atlantic*, in which he thus tells the story of the late great actress' marriage:

"In the winter of 1818–19 a party of bright and lively young people had assembled, to spend the period of Christmas festivity, at a spacious old country-seat not very far from Dublin. Several of them, ladies as well as gentlemen, had already acted creditably on the amateur stage; so they fitted out a large hall as theatre, and got up several standard comedies in a manner that elicited hearty applause. Encouraged by this success, they thought they might manage one of Shakespeare's tragedies; and their choice fell on *Romeo and Juliet*. They succeeded in casting all the characters except one, that of Juliet herself. It was offered to several young ladies in succession; but they all persistently refused, fearing to attempt so arduous a part. In this dilemma some one suggested an expedient. Miss O'Neill, then in the zenith of her fame, was an actress of unblemished reputation, most ladylike demeanor, and eminent talent, whom I once saw as Juliet. She was then regarded, justly I imagine, as the most perfect interpreter of Shakespeare's embodiment of fervid passion and devotion in

the daughter of Capulet that had ever appeared on the London boards; her singular beauty admirably seconding her rare powers, and turning the heads of half the fashionable young men of the day. She was universally respected, was often admitted to the best society, and had several times assisted at private theatricals. It so happened that she was then in Dublin, and, for the time, without an engagement. The proposal was, to write to her and ask her, on her own terms, to come to them and take the part of Juliet. This was eagerly acceded to, and a letter despatched accordingly. The part of Romeo had been assigned to a gentleman of fortune and family, Mr. Becher, of Ballygibben, County Cork; *jeune encore*, as the French say, for he was still on the right side of forty, and excelling all his companions in histrionic talent. To him, as soon as the invitation had been given, came one of his intimate friends. 'Becher,' said he, 'take my advice before it is too late. Throw up the part of Romeo. I dare say some one else can be found to take it.' 'Back out of the part? And why, pray? Do you think my acting is not worthy to support Miss O'Neill's?' 'You act only too well, my good fellow, and identify yourself only too perfectly with the characters you undertake. I know Miss O'Neill well; there can't be a better girl, but she's dangerous. She's perfectly bewitching in her great *role*. It is notorious that no man ever played Romeo to her Juliet without falling in love with her. Now I'd be sorry to see you go to the stage for a wife.' 'Marry an actress! and at my age! Do you take me for a fool?' 'Anything but that, Becher. I *do* take you for a whole-souled splendid fellow, with a little touch of romance about him, impressible by beauty, and still more alive to grace and talent, and I really can't make up my mind to address even that glorious creature as Mrs. 'Becher.' 'Do talk sense, Tom. If I had n't agreed to play Romeo, I'd go and offer to take the part now, just to convince you how ridiculous you are.' 'Well, all I hope is that the enchantress will decline.' But she accepted. Becher played Romeo, shared the fate of his predecessors; was engaged within the month, and married a few weeks afterwards. My father spent several days with them at their country-seat. He was charmed with Mrs. Becher, in whom, he said, he could not detect the slightest trace of the actress. And the marriage, my father told us, seemed to have been eminently fortunate, though up to that time they had no children. In the sequel they had several children. Mr. Becher, eight years later, was created a baronet; lived thirty years with his wife, and was succeeded, in 1850, by their son, Sir Henry Wrixon Becher, the present baronet. Lady Becher died only last winter, loved and mourned by friends and dependants; having survived her husband more than twenty years."

WHAT IS BIBLIOGRAPHY?

"BIBLIOGRAPHIA CATHOLICA AMERICANA.

"We have here the first part of this work, gotten (*sic*) up in fine style, good print and thick paper. The work when complete is to embrace five parts. This part proposes to give a list of works written by Catholic authors and published in the United States from 1784 to 1820 inclusive. It is not to be denied that the shortcomings of former writers upon American bibliography have given occasion for this book. In making this remark we are not forgetting the admirable work of the Messrs. Duyckinck, nor the grander one of Mr. Allibone. Father Finotti, the author of the work before us, puts forth his first part with many misgivings; and these were far from groundless. The volume, however, is valuable in the information added to our too scant stores of knowledge on American bibliography. Had Father Finotti held his material in hand until the completion of Mr. Sabin's immense work, of which several volumes have already appeared, he would have found his labor much less and his work much better. He proposes in future editions to supply deficiencies and to correct errors in this. The work is from the press of the Catholic Publication House of this city."—*New York Evening Post*, March 21, 1873.

Before proceeding to answer the question we have asked at the commencement of this article, we desire to express our thanks to the editor of the *Evening Post* for the neat and complimentary manner in which he alludes to our own labors in the cause of American Bibliography. We esteem it the more for the reason that it is the first time that any of the daily papers have recognized the existence of our work. This, perhaps, is our own fault; for, to make a general distribution of a book like ours, which addresses the wants and tastes of a very limited circle, would be an expensive undertaking, and—shall we say it?—would be presenting to them a work of which but few of the ordinary newspaper critics would have an intelligent comprehension as to its scope and design. This sounds egotistical, but we will proceed to a justification in answering our own question, What is Bibliography? Literally, it is a writing describing a book; it has been divided into intellectual bibliography and material bibliography, the former being very near akin to criticism, the latter being

confined to a minute detail of the title, place and date of printing, size, number of pages, plates and maps (if any), in the work described; and this latter meaning has by custom become to be regarded as its special object.

It is perhaps difficult to decide the precise limits of intellectual bibliography. It is not so, however, with material bibliography, that is clearly confined within the limits we have named. But it is evident that many critics who write about bibliography often confound it with criticism, and sometimes mistake it for biography. Here is a notable instance from "Guild's Librarian's Manual," who in citing "Allen's American Biographical Dictionary," 3d edition, Boston, 1857, remarks, "Truly the American Biographical Dictionary. Notices of 6,775 American names." Had Mr. Guild, instead of counting the names in this directory of New England clergymen, given a thought as to what bibliography really was he certainly never would have so written. As a bibliographical performance it is worthless, and as a biographical dictionary it is mainly devoted to New England. Strange to add, Power, in his "Handy-Book about Books," includes this same Allen in his list of works on bibliography, but he gets the title from Mr. Guild, and must be partly excused on that account. It is even evident that the critic of the *Post* has, in the article we have copied, rather confounded the functions of the critic with that of the bibliographer. He says: "we are not forgetting the admirable work of the Messrs. Duyckinck, nor the grander one of Mr. Allibone." Now it is a fact that neither the Messrs. Duyckinck nor Mr. Allibone claim that their respective works are bibliographical; they certainly are not. It is true that they do occasionally contain some bibliographical memoranda, but it is merely incidental and not general. It is equally true that the publishers of Allibone's dictionary advertise that work as bibliographical, and newspaper critics catching at this grand euphonious mouthful of a word characterize it as a "bibliographical wonder," and really when the word is put into large capitals, and fills the width of a column, it looks picturesque, and it has the great advantage of being a word that is not generally understood. Of course it is a

good word, it is full of meaning, a writing describing a book. It is of Egyptian birth, Grecian by descent, Roman by adoption, and has passed with but little change into all the languages of Europe, where its meaning is well understood, and it is really quite time that American publishers, not to mention newspaper critics and professed bibliographers, knew the difference between biography and criticism, and bibliography.

We do not wish to be misunderstood, and so we hasten to say that we cherish the reputation of the Messrs. Duyckinck and Dr. Allibone. We have a high appreciation of the merits of their productions—which are *critical* and not *bibliographical*—and we commend all our readers to procure these books, if not already in their possession.

But to our text. We define material bibliography to consist of a careful copy of the title, place, date, size, &c., of a book. This seems an easy task. Now, let an amateur undertake to catalogue say a hundred of his books. We undertake to say that in fully one-third of said titles he will make mistakes; not of much moment, perhaps, but still mistakes. If he copies the whole of the title, he will be very likely to use capitals where he should use lower case, and *vice versa*; his next error will probably be in the punctuation; but his most likely mistake will be in expressing the size of the book.

The art of abridging a title so as to include all the salient points, and to omit what is of minor importance, is an art of no mean rank; to do it well, is the result of an intelligent comprehension of the work catalogued, and an extended experience in cataloguing.

The main difficulty in cataloguing is in expressing the size, *secundum artem*. We have seen a catalogue in which the same book is described by the same man in three different places, as if in three different sizes, *e. g.*: small 4to, 8vo, and 16mo; it was, in fact, an 8vo, printed half a sheet at a time, and the mistake was the result of a lack of technical knowledge.

The sizes of books descend from folios, which are the largest, to 128mos, which are smallest and are rarely printed. A folio consists of 2 leaves or 4 pages, a quarto (4to) of 4 leaves or 8 pp., an octavo (8vo) of 8 leaves or 16 pp., a duodecimo (12mo)

of 24 pp., a 16mo 32 pp., 18mo 36 pp., 24mo 48 pp., 32mo 64 pp., and so on, there being as many leaves in the sheet as the prefix indicates; therefore the size is generally to be inferred from the number of leaves which occur between the signatures, or numbers, which are found at the foot of each page of the recto* of a new sheet. Thus, if a book be an octavo, the second signature will be at page 17; if a 12mo, at page 25; if a 24mo, at page 49; if a 32mo, at p. 65. In English books the signatures are the letters of the alphabet, being in an 8vo B at page 17, but in American books arabic figures are now used for the same purpose. We have said generally, because to this rule there is an exception; when the necessities of the printing office compel it to print only half a sheet at a time, these signatures occur at intervals of precisely one-half the distance we have indicated, and an 8vo is printed as a 4to, and so on. This matter, however, is easily determined by an expert, for while there are only 8 pages in a half sheet 8vo, the size is so different from a 4to that they cannot easily be confounded. A 4to volume is always much broader in proportion to its width than an octavo.

But the difficulties of determining the size of a book do not stop here. There are many prefixes applied to the same size; thus we have foolscap 8vo, post 8vo, crown 8vo, demy 8vo, medium 8vo, royal 8vo, super-royal 8vo, and imperial 8vo, the last being nearly equal to an ordinary foolscap folio, the first being no larger than an ordinary 16mo. Thus, an English post 8vo and an American 12mo are equal in size, and this circumstance will account for the fact that the English booksellers almost uniformly characterize an American 12mo as a post 8vo, and the American booksellers return the compliment by calling the English post 8vo a 12mo. This circumstance arises partly from the fact that the English standard of size is demy, while the American standard is medium. By standard we mean a size to which no prefix is added to the expression of size. All English books described as 8vo, are understood to be demy 8vo; any other size of 8vo has the word *cap*, *post*, or *crown*,

*The recto is the page which faces the right hand, and is always an odd number.

affixed, if smaller than demy; and medium royal, super-royal, and imperial, if larger than demy. All American books which are described as 8vo, are understood to be medium 8vo, and therefore a so-called octavo of American manufacture is a larger book than an English octavo. It is a matter of regret that in this particular the American system does not conform to the English rule—for one reason at least—the English 8vo page is in better proportion; it is shorter by 2 or 3 lines of letter press than the American, and is not too long for its width.

There are other sizes besides those we have enumerated, and for the information of those who wish to be exact we give a table of sizes of paper used for printing:

Foolscap	... 17 x 13½ ins	Imperial 30 x 22 ins
Post 18½ x 15½ "	Elephant 22 x 25 "
Doub. Crown	.. 20 x 30 "	Atlas 34 x 26 "
Demy 22½ x 17½ "	Columbian	.. 34½ x 23½ "
Medium 23 x 18½ "	D. Elephant	26½ x 40 "
Royal 24 x 19 "	Antiquarian	.. 53 x 31 "
Super-Royal	.. 27 x 21 "		

The five last are rarely used except for folios. Now, if a sheet of paper is folded in the middle it becomes a Folio, if folded again it is a Quarto; the third folding will make it an Octavo; the fourth, a Sixteen mo; the fifth, a Thirty-two mo, and so on. A Twelve mo is made by cutting off one-third of the sheet and inserting it between the other pages, and for a Twenty-four mo, Forty-eight mo, &c., the same process is adopted.

We have been thus minute and perhaps diffuse in discussing this question of size, because it is one of very great difficulty—indeed, the difficulties are so numerous that the only safe way in regard to some books is to give the size in inches—while even this plan is liable to deceive, for the book-binder will sometimes cut the book down to a point which is below the standard of that particular size. Even Dibdin, who gave a lifetime to the production of Bibliographical works, often errs in giving a size, and invented a word, "octo-decimo," by which he meant to describe a small quarto; but this will lead us into the discussion of antique sizes, and here all rules fail us, for owing to the lack of type or for other reasons which we can only conjecture, the variations are so perplexing that no modest man will undertake to decide positively as

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to whether a book is an octavo or a sixteen mo; he will not, however, mistake it for a quarto for the reason we have already given. Having thus made this question of size as clear as mud to the uninitiated, we remark that the next thing in order is to give the collation. This is easy enough when the pagination is continuous from the title to the end, but when it is otherwise it is not quite so plain—and the mere amateur in giving the collation of the book is very apt to be redundant. It is a matter of regret that there is not a code of rules by which the collation can be expressed in uniform style; pending which, we remark, that the collator should consult some such work as Mr. Cutter's Catalogue of the Prince Library at Boston, which is one of the best specimens of a clear, concise, and sufficient collation.

Mr. Stevens' "Historical Nuggets" is also a good specimen of a careful Bibliographical catalogue, but the collations are rather redundant—an excellent fault when the books are of great rarity and value—but a waste of paper and type when applied to modern books. And to the student who really wishes to know what bibliography is we commend the various works of Brunet, Lowndes, Græsse, Petzholdt, J. R. Bartlett, Stevens, and others. We are sorry we can not add the name of Mr. Finotti, the notice of whose work has formed the peg on which we have hung this article, to the list; his work is a good specimen of honest, earnest, ill-directed labors but it is excessively and absurdly redundant, it is crude and undigested, and is arranged on a principle entirely antagonistic to any known order, but we shall in a special article pay our respects to this author; in the meantime, we take the liberty of referring the worthy doctor to our "Dictionary," where he will find scores of titles which he has not included in his "Bibliographia."

We conclude with a suggestion. Let some rich publisher immortalize himself by contributing, say \$20,000, with which to found a professorship of Bibliography in some one of our colleges.* Then perhaps we may find the meaning of the word will be more widely known.

* We came near writing Universities—but with an appreciation of the meaning of that word—we substitute Colleges.

THE PERKINS LIBRARY.

The Perkins Library, which was sold this month (June), at Hanworth Park, near London, realized 26,000*l.*, the largest amount ever fetched by the same number of books. There were 865 lots in the Catalogue, which gives an average of rather more than 30*l.* per lot. Till this sale, we believe no single book, except the celebrated Valdarfer Boccaccio, ever brought a thousand pounds; but on this occasion that sum has been exceeded, for two printed books, namely, the Mazarine Bible, on vellum, which sold for 3,400*l.*, and the same book on paper, which brought the enormous price, in comparison, of 2,690*l.* Usually, however, a vellum copy of a rare book sells for from four to ten times as much as the same book on paper, and frequently the disproportion is much greater than that; and of this fact there were many examples in the Perkins sale. The very great increase in the value of some books during the last fifty years, the fall in others, and the stationary price of another class, are worthy of remark. Lot 36, Biblia Latina, with the binding of Diane de Poitiers, which cost Mr. Perkins a few shillings, was bought by a French collector for 80*l.* Lot 157, King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, printed by W. Copland, 1557, is the only perfect copy known; and though Mr. Perkins gave no more than 20*l.* for it at Dent's sale, in 1825, it was not dear at the 120*l.* it produced now. Nor can the Latin Bible of 1462 (Lot 177), printed on vellum, be considered very dear at 780*l.*, being certainly one of the finest copies extant, and a most important monument of the typographical art. It had cost, at Mr. Dent's sale, no more than 173*l.* 5*s.* Lot 178, Bible Historiée, was a truly beautiful manuscript, the miniatures being of the highest finish; it sold in 1826 for about 100*l.*, but now finds a buyer at 490*l.* Lot 186, Biblia Latina, printed at Venice by Nicolas Jenson, 1476, was one of the typographical gems of the sale, a charming example of vellum printing. The same book on paper can be easily got for about 10*l.*, but this vellum copy sold for 290*l.*—a curious contrast to the Mazarine Bibles! The book was acquired by Mr. Perkins,

at Sir Mark Sykes' sale, for 71*l.* 8*s.* The Coverdale Bible was formerly Mr. Dent's, and at his sale cost 89*l.* 5*s.*, but it is nearly a quarter of a century since any copy approaching completeness has occurred, and it is not, therefore, surprising that it now brought 400*l.*, which is, however, the highest price at which any copy has yet sold by auction. Lot 205, Brant's Shyp of Follys, translated by Alexander Barclay, and printed by R. Pynson, was another example of the difference fifty years has made in prices. This, again, was bought at Mr. Dent's sale, where it realized 30*l.*, and now 130*l.* was not thought too much for it. Lot 366, Heures de Verard, 1488, was a truly beautiful volume, and it has returned to the land of its birth at the price of 225*l.*, which shows, however, that we made a good fight to keep it in this country. The Christine de Pisan, *Les Cent Histoires de Troye* (Lot 374), cost Mr. Perkins only 73*l.* 15*s.*, though a previous possessor had paid 126*l.* for it. It was now bought for a French bookseller for 650*l.*, so we suppose it has not yet reached its highest price. Lot 390, *The Lamentable Estate and Distressed Case of Sir W. Dick*, which was described by Mr. Evans, when he sold Dent's library, fifty years since, as "one of the rarest works relating to the time of the English Commonwealth," seemed to show that our grandfathers took more interest in Commonwealth history than we do, for it sold then for 26*l.* 5*s.*, and now for only 22*l.* Lot 406, *Evangelistarium*, said to be of the tenth century, was such a MS. as is rarely to be seen for sale, and produced accordingly the respectable sum of 565*l.* Lot 534, *Horæ ad Usus Romanum*, was a MS. of great beauty, in the style of the famous Bedford Missal. Speculation was rife as to what this might bring, but no one seemed able to give a closer opinion than that it would sell for from 250*l.* to 1,200*l.* The smaller price proved to be nearest the mark, for the hammer fell at 400*l.* A perfect Caxton is a volume of so rare occurrence that we cannot wonder that the Polycronicon (Lot 539), though one of the commonest of Caxton's books, and not without a defect, should sell for as many pounds as there are days in the year. Lord Charlemont's copy, in 1865, sold for 477*l.* 10*s.*, but

then, though it wanted two leaves in the middle, it was a good two inches taller than this. Lot 617, *Koran*, was another instance that it is not *all* books that have increased in value, for it sold for 70*l.*, or 2*l.* 18*s.* less than Mr. Perkins gave for it fifty years since. But the most remarkable example of this uncertainty was Lot 380, *Concordantiæ Bibliorum*, which was bought from Messrs. Longman in 1825 for 31*l.* 10*s.*, and now no one will give more than 1*l.* 16*s.*! One of the greatest books in the sale, however, was a notable example of the higher value set upon works of art now than in the days of George the Fourth. Lot 634, *Lydgate's Siege of Troy*, with seventy painted pages, was then knocked down to Mr. Perkins for 99*l.* 15*s.*; now it will be celebrated as one of the few books, either in MS. or in print, which have sold for more than a thousand pounds. Sharp, though short, was the contest which ran it up to 1,320*l.*, and a cheer broke forth when the hammer reluctantly descended to this handsome bidding. Lot 637, *Les Œuvres diverses de Jean de Meun, contenant le Roman de la Rose*, brought 690*l.* It was certainly one of the finest manuscripts ever sold of this famous book. The missals printed on vellum formed quite a feature of the sale, and four of these noble volumes sold, in the aggregate, for no less than 890*l.* Lot 640, *Missale Ecclesiæ Augustensis*, 180*l.* Lot 641, *Missale Mozarabicum*, and to this was added Lot 207, *Breviarum Mozarabicum*, fine copies, from the library of Girardot de Préfond, 295*l.* Lot 642, *Missale Romanum*, printed at Rome in 1496, was certainly one of the finest examples of vellum printing ever seen, and found admirers enough to cause it to sell for 375*l.*, thus exceeding considerably the famous *Vallisumbrosa Missal*, which called forth such raptures from Dr. Dibdin: it was here (Lot 647) sold for 240*l.* A very remarkable MS. was Lot 738, an *Apocryphal Life of Christ*, in Latin verse, said to be of English execution, and ornamented with a great number of curious outline drawings, described as being of the early part of the fourteenth century, but more probably belonging to the latter half of that century. This had cost the late owner only 18*l.* 18*s.*, but 400*l.* was now not thought by any means too much for it.

Lot 837, Mr. W. Shakespeare's Comedies, Tragedies, and Histories, 1623, the famous first folio, the same copy which brought only 110*l.* 5*s.* at Mr. Dent's sale, was now run up to 585*l.*, which is the highest price it has ever fetched, excepting the Daniel copy, which, in 1864, sold for 716*l.*

THE CRITIC'S DREAM.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF HENRY W. COLTON.

In "Kenelm Chillingly," that beautiful story which Bulwer bequeathed to the world to console it for his death, he says that all modern painters "acknowledge authority in one who could no more paint a picture himself than Addison, the ablest critic of the greatest poem modern Europe has produced, could have written ten lines of the *Paradise Lost*." Thus he briefly touches upon one of the mysteries of literature. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, in a like spirit, "you can scold a carpenter for making a bad table, though you could not make any table yourself." No doubt the doctor was answering one of the innumerable tribe who triumphantly refute all obnoxious criticism by defying the critic to produce anything as good as that which he criticises. The answer was a good one, yet always in the opinion of the world the critic stands like a finger-post pointing to the path he cannot tread himself. It does seem strange that those who affect to know so much can do so little. The critic who has catalogued and classified all the artists from Raphael to Jones, cannot paint even as well as Smith, who was beneath his notice; and he who has laid his fixed finger on every fault of Shakespeare could not even write a modern society drama. It seems as if the best critics had all powers except the power to create, otherwise they would surely not have acted as nurses to other people's children, but would have raised families of their own. Imagine Keats consenting to spend his life in criticising Shelley, Byron, and the other poets of his day; or Dickens contented to be the reviewer of Thackeray and Lord Lytton. With eagle wings the great authors cleave the upper air; they soar alone, and leave to those below the task of measuring the mighty circles of their flight. But often there are strong minds which can originate

nothing, but are as ministers of state to these kings of thought. Hazlitt, Ruskin, Saint Beuve, Taine, Giles, Hamerton, follow other minds, as Vespucius followed Columbus, yet sometimes the genius of a man transforms criticism into creation, as with Macaulay and De Quincey, who erected splendid pedestals on which they placed statues of inferior beauty. Yet, generally, the critic is by necessity of his vocation the attendant upon greater minds, an interpreter at court, a master of ceremonies, an ambassador, a surveyor of lands which were discovered and are owned by others.

Criticism is for the most part a thankless pursuit. In its own time it is important, as the terrors of the *Quarterlies* have shown; but the results of analysis do not live like the works of imagination. The consciousness of this should not make the true critic discontented, for all work is its own exceeding great reward. He has more reason to be dissatisfied with his own imperfections, his failures to reach the heart of a subject, and the mistaken judgments which his own intellect in course of time reverses. If he is of a sensitive mind, one of his greatest troubles will be the fear that he has done injustice to worthy men; perhaps that he has tried to crush some young ambition by censure too severe—as Jeffreys did with Byron—and killed off mute, inglorious Miltons and unknown Tupperes, without knowing it, like clumsy Gulliver walking among the Lilliputians, and crushing some little sage or pigmy hero at every step.

Something of this in my own humble experience as a critic I have learned, and, being of a mild and tender nature, it has given me deep grief. Were it not for that infamous villain, the so-called editor of the *Bugle*, who has attacked me with a scorpion-like malignity, characteristic of one who has only assumed the form of a man to make more repulsive the passions of the beast—a malignity only equalled by my magnanimity and calmness in enduring it—were it not for him, I might dwell more fully upon the remorse which I have felt in recalling my too severe strictures upon the artists, actors, and authors of my time. But I shall not delight that infinitesimal atom which he is pleased to call his soul, with the confession. On looking over the

enormous collection of my critical writings I almost feel inclined to call them Twenty-five Years of Tomahawking; or, the Scalps of my Contemporaries. And yet I say with all sincerity that never in my life did I do an unkind action; when I seemed cruel it was only to be kind, and at the time I deemed myself merciful. Severe as some of these articles seem, they might have been severer; the possessor of immense powers must restrain them, and those who complain that many of my writings are dull should understand that I frequently expunge much withering satire and biting wit, out of pure good nature to the subject. Thus I sacrifice myself to save others.

Yet whoever presumes to criticise must give great pain to others, and I have been well assured that many of my articles have greatly distressed the public. It was perhaps because I had been thinking of this very deeply, that the other night as I sat alone in my study I had a remarkable dream.

Methought the souls of all that I had murdered,
Came to my tent.

The fact is, I had just finished a good-natured review of a new volume of poems, and was wondering whether I had been too severe in saying that the book must have been written by an idiot, published by a fool, and would only be read by madmen, when I was overpowered by irresistible sleep. The room seemed unchanged, the light burned brightly, and I thought I was awake in my chair, gazing at the picture of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, whom I fancied in my vision to be an ancient author being reviewed by the critics of Jerusalem. While I was admiring the energy of a little critic in the foreground, the door opened and a tall and dignified person in black entered, and seated himself before me. I recognized him as a professor in one of our colleges, a man reputed to have great learning, and by his scowling face imagined that his visit was not one of compliment. I was not long in doubt, for pulling a newspaper from his pocket he inquired if I had written a certain article, and before I could reply, he burst out in a tirade of wrath. "You have criticised my Greek Lexicon," he said, "a work on which I have spent twenty years of research and labor, with as much au-

dacity as if you understood it. What do you know of Greek? Construe me one passage in Euripides! Translate me one line of this book! Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon—can *you*, sir, proceed with the rest? No sir, you are an ignoramus, a Bæotian, and yet you undertake to criticise my book. You say 'it is a pity that Prof. Helos should have challenged comparison with the Greek Lexicons of Niebuhr and Strauss.' Niebuhr never wrote one. 'You say 'of the formation of the Greek verb Prof. Helos is altogether ignorant, and the entire work is characterized by slovenliness, inaccuracy, presumption, and dulness. It is a disgrace to American scholarship, and a Greek of the time of Pericles, reading this book, would not know his own language, and might with reason imagine it to be a dilapidated Choctaw grammar.' This is infamous sir!" I was about to reply and say that an independent press would not be threatened, when a face I well knew appeared before the professor. The new comer was the leading tragedian at a principal theatre, and he too was armed with a newspaper, which he shook in my face. "Ten thousand furies!" he exclaimed, "you say of my Hamlet that it might do for low comedy, but that it no more resembles tragedy than a cow on its hind legs resembles the Greek Slave. You tell me that I don't know how to read the soliloquy; that I never emphasize the right word except by accident, and then you add that I am so perversely wrong, that I should only act when drunk, as then I might be unconsciously right. You advise me to leave the stage for an omnibus, and say I drive so many people from the theatre that I would make a valuable coachman. Finally, you declare that my performance last night was the worst you ever saw, though I positively know you were not within a mile of the theatre. Sir, you have done me a grievous wrong with the public. You are damaging my business and my reputation. I insist upon an apology." But just at this moment the actor was pushed aside by a little man with a big portfolio under his arm, who also produced a newspaper, and launched at once into an eloquent complaint. He was a painter, whose picture at the Exhibition I dreamed I had criticised in my impartial style. "So you think," he cried, "that if

I knew how to draw, understood perspective, had any eye for color, that I might be an artist in time. You think my 'Scene on the Mediterranean' a daub, and that the sea looks like indigo water in a wash-tub, and the snow-clad mountains like dirty shirts. My 'Death of Dido' reminds you of an intoxicated Irishwoman, and you say that according to all the laws of perspective her left leg is a mile long, and that she might kick Æneas out of his ship. And then you wonder that the directors admit such trash, and express the opinion that I am not artist enough to whitewash a fence." Here a hubbub began which effectually drowned any individual complaint; the room seemed filled with writers, actors, musicians, painters, artists of all kinds, all vociferating at once, and crowding upon me with indignant rage. Strong-minded women waved their umbrellas; fascinating actresses wept those tears which had so often softened the critical heart; philosophers behaved in the most unphilosophic manner. I was in a worse case than the Egyptian opium dreamer, whom Osiris cursed, and from whom Isis fled in horror. I hurled an ink-stand at the head of the Greek professor, and, rushing towards the door—awoke. Cold drops of sweat were on my trembling brow, and never did I feel more joy than in finding it was only a dream.

Of course, these critiques had only an imaginary existence, but they were disagreeably like articles I had really written, seen in sleep like the distorted reflection of a face in a moving undulating wave. I could not help admitting (to myself only, of course) that the personages of my dream would not be wholly without excuse if they repeated their actions in real life. How often had I written upon subjects I did not understand, uttering my absolute judgments with all the gravity of an owl and the volubility of a parrot! Had I not frequently viewed the outside world through the color of my own moods, and thought a book dull because I had a headache, or an actor destitute of feeling in his part because I had too much in a tooth! The more I thought of these things, the more thoroughly was I convinced that greater ability of a certain kind is needed to justly appraise than merely to produce; and that so much moderation, sympathy, insight, humanity,

wisdom, humility, and Christianity are required to make a good critic, that no one but a clergyman should be allowed to undertake the work.

GALLOWS LITERATURE.

The old lady who liked to enjoy her murders ought certainly to have been a subscriber to the *New York Herald*. The readers of that famous journal have lately supped full of horrors. Hanging, we are told, is by no means "played out" in New York, and the faculty of writing about hanging was never developed to such perfection. We have before remarked the admirable manner in which the powers of imagination and observation are made to co-operate in producing the *Herald's* reports of interesting occurrences. The bewildered reader is tossed hither and thither on the flood of eloquence, and, like "the pale pilot" at the mouth of the Oronoco, he

seeks in vain

Where rolls the river, where the main;

or in other words, he cannot separate fact from fiction in the exciting narrative. We have before us an article headed "Nixon's Nemesis," which begins by stating in plain prose that Michael Nixon died on the gallows at New York on the morning of the 16th of May. He quarrelled about the right of the road with Charles H. Phyfer, pulled out a revolver and shot him through the head, so that he died within ten minutes. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, and found, to his astonishment and dismay, that the sentence would be carried into effect. The respectable inhabitants of New York, who, according to the *Herald*, were lately inquiring "what they should do to be saved," have answered their own question by hanging a few of the atrocious ruffians by whom their city was infested. Nixon sank to abject terror when he lost hope. He held affecting interviews with his wife and children, and a reporter was present, or dreamed that he was present, with a note-book all the time. "The *Herald* of yesterday contained an account of his farewell to his children, of his affectionate parting from his wife. It was not his last." The market was propitious for a few more parting words. A positively last final interview was held. Speech was almost choked by emotion, and yet the reporter managed to catch every word. After parting from his wife Nixon returned sadly to his cell. He looked around. "All was so still and silent." He sat down, and was evidently still thinking of his wife. "He murmured her name and spoke to her." He was recalled to himself by Father Duranquet, who began praying. Nixon prayed too. His eyes shone with a strange light. He sighed. "What a deep, deep sigh!"

We are quoting, with almost verbal accuracy, from what we should call, if we were speaking of an English newspaper, a report. There has been no change of type, except an occasional introduction of capitals, which is a common practice of the *Herald*, since the verdict and sentence in open Court, and now we find ourselves in the condemned cell. Was the reporter really peeping and listening through a chink or *trou*? If he was, we think that the respectable inhabitants of New York should once more bestir themselves for the credit of their city and put an end to an indecent practice. "No words could have expressed the anguish he (Nixon) must have felt." We are glad to find that the reporter had some little modesty, although he appears to have stripped himself of delicacy. Even he could not undertake to paint the scene between the murderer and the priest. After a few minutes Nixon listened to the reverend Father's words, and became calm. He was prevailed upon to go out into the corridor. He smoked for half an hour. "He seemed to enjoy it." Then he prayed again with the priest. At midnight he ate supper in the corridor. "He could not eat much—a piece of bread and coffee—that was all." He returned to the cell, lay down and tried to sleep. The lamp threw a ghastly light upon the different objects in the cell. He shut his eyes, but a horrible sight rose up before him. There was blood upon the wall—a human form—deathly glassy eyes—blood—blood—everywhere blood. He started up with a shriek. All was quiet, all was dark. No blood, no terrible vision; but the kind Father spoke gentle words of love that sank into his soul. He lay down again, but could not sleep. He jumped up and clutched the iron bars. "Yes, he was a prisoner." Then he went to sleep, and dreamed he was standing under the gallows and a reprieve was brought by his wife. He awoke, and presently went again to sleep, and dreamed that he witnessed his own hanging.

All this is written with considerable power, and it might furnish Mr. Irving, or any other actor in the homicidal line of business, with an effective recitation. But is it or is it not a newspaper report? There is nothing to prevent a continuation of the same narrative after Nixon was actually hanged. If a reporter can see and hear through stone walls and iron doors, perhaps he can look behind the veil of death. The eye which searches the Tombs at midnight ought to be capable of penetrating beyond the grave. We may suppose either that the reporter peeped and listened, or that he picked up a few hints from a warder and arranged and adorned them, or that he drew upon his imagination for the whole description. American readers do not perhaps care for these pedantries of detail. They like their daily reading to be hot, strong, and highly spiced, and they care little to inquire into its origin and process of

manufacture. But in England it has been hitherto the custom to expect that a special correspondent who described a battle, should at any rate be somewhere near the baggage of one of the contending armies. No doubt battles are very much alike, and, to borrow Sir Robert Peel's translation of a Latin adage, one is a good deal safer in the Middle Temple, where also pens, ink, paper, and books of reference are more plentiful than they could be on a campaign. But still it has been usual to regard the special correspondent and the leader-writer as belonging to different departments of journalism. The gentlemen employed by the *New York Herald* appear, however, to be able to turn their hands to everything at the same time. The narrative proceeds from night to morning; the prisoner washes and dresses himself and goes to chapel; the sheriff, under-sheriff, and deputy sheriffs arrive. "They were all dressed in black, wore high hats, and had a solemn air." The reporter has descended from omniscience to the exercise of ordinary human faculties. We even feel ourselves equal to observing and describing the sheriff's hat, and there have been English writers capable of observing and describing hangings. But this reporter cannot be content even with the last "dreadful struggle." He followed, or supposed himself to follow, the dead body to Mrs. Nixon's house, and he describes her reception of it.

Murderers can be hanged quite as effectively in Illinois or California as in New York, but they must not expect to have their last hours described with as much particularity and brilliancy as if they lay in prison in the Tombs. The reporters of the *Herald* at those distant places are fully equal to the occasion, although not so manifestly superior to it as are their more accomplished brethren at home. They can, however, make free use of capitals, and it is interesting to know that "a heartless, determined, cold-blooded murderer" named O'Neal was able to make "a hearty meal before dying." His breakfast consisted of beefsteak, fried eggs, coffee, bread, butter, and cherry sauce. He died an easy death, whereas Nixon underwent "horrible convulsions." If we could be sure that these convulsions were not invented by the reporter, we should incline to draw an inference that hanging, like sea-sickness, is borne better by those who feed generously. The reporter in Nixon's case does not say a word about breakfast, and we may surmise that he mentions everything that did happen, and perhaps something that did not. An Italian named Lusignani, who murdered his wife, was so fortunate as to receive the attentions of one of the most gifted reporters of the *Herald*; but this murder was committed in New Jersey, which is near New York, and besides, the victim was Lusignani's wife, "a splendid type of the peculiar style of beauty for which the peasant women of Italy are so justly

celebrated." The reporter may have seen Lusignani's wife either alive or dead, and he may not, but he has seen other Italian women, and this is one of the tip-top artists of the press, who is not to be fettered in his composition by any petty regard for fact. "She was of medium height, but her form was rounded to perfection, and her step was like that of a queen. She had glorious black hair, a set of pearly teeth, small hands and feet, and a broad intelligent forehead." This would read very well in a novel and look very well in a picture, and a report in the *New York Herald*, by a first-rate hand, combines the advantages of both. The story which follows of the wife's adultery and the husband's revenge is sufficiently commonplace. "The people of Morristown had become greatly attached to" Lusignani during his imprisonment and trial in their city, and delicacies of all kinds had been freely supplied to him since sentence was passed. Admitting that there were extenuating circumstances in this murder, we yet see nothing in the murderer to excite attachment, unless it were the deep, rich voice in which he sang the patriotic songs of his country in prison so as to be heard by passers-by. The reporter, by the prisoner's invitation, passed the night before the execution in the condemned cell along with three priests, and he describes all that he saw and heard. In this case, therefore, there need have been no drawing upon imagination, and indeed the narrative of the last night has a matter of fact aspect which is, if possible, more disgusting than the poetic halo thrown around the last hours of Nixon. We are surprised, not that such things should be done by the *New York Herald*, but that they should be permitted by the authorities of a civilized and Christian city. The reporter quitted the cell at six o'clock and returned at seven. He was fortunately in time to see Lusignani take his breakfast, which consisted of beefsteak and toast. "He made a hearty meal, observing it was the last he should ever eat." He also "gave utterance to many beautiful sentiments, some of which were very poetical." It was perhaps the prisoner's ability to do his poetry himself that induced this reporter to confine himself to prose.

The necessity had become manifest of hanging murderers in New York and elsewhere, and the accompanying evil of descriptions of hangings in newspapers must therefore be patiently endured. It may be instructive to abolitionists of capital punishment to observe the present reaction against their doctrine in America. In quiet orderly times and places they may gain a hearing, but when it comes to shooting or braining passengers in Broadway, respectable society instinctively agrees to hanging a few rowdies. The *Herald* knew quite well what it was about when it "put down its foot" that Foster, the car-hook murderer, should be hanged. Foster was

hanged accordingly, to the general satisfaction of mankind. But it is unsatisfactory to find that there cannot be public hanging without gallows literature, and if New York desires to preserve respectability, she must not only hang murderers, but endeavor to hang them decently.—*Saturday Review*.

SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY TREE.

SUNG BY MR. GARRICK, WITH A CUP IN HIS HAND MADE OF THE TREE.

Behold this fair goblet, 'twas carved from the tree,
Which, O! my sweet Shakespeare, was planted by thee!

As a relic I kiss it and bow at the shrine—
What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

CHORUS—All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree;
Bend to thee, blest Mulberry,
Matchless was he who planted thee,
And thou like him immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
Who spread round your branches, whose heads sweep
the sky,

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
To root out the natives at prices so dear.

All shall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, in Britain's great boast,
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
But of fir we make ships, we have thousands that fight,
While one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers,
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
With the sweetest of flowers and fairest of fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge, the well-letter'd birch
Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church,
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree;
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.

All shall yield, &c.

The genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
His laurel, and bays, and the vine, all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then take each a relic of this hallowed tree,
From folly and fashion, a charm let it be;
Fill, fill to the planter, the cup to the brim;
To honor the country, do honor to him!

All shall yield, &c.

THACKERAY.

Continued from page 66.

With this novel, then so surprising in its frankness and in its knowledge of human nature, commenced a career which could know no repression. A mine of gold had been struck, and the nuggets were cast up freely by the hands of the hard and honest worker. In the writing of books admired by every hater of pretence, and the delivery of lectures which were as new in their style and treatment as his novels, the rest of the life of Thackeray passed away. The last fifteen years of it were years of success, celebrity, and comparative affluence. He had attained a commanding position in literature and in society, though it must be acknowledged that, except in a very small circle of intimate friends, he rarely put forth any brilliant social qualities. How he impaled snobbery in *Punch*, and gave a new impetus to serial literature by his editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*, are facts too widely disseminated to be dilated upon. A most good-natured editor, conscientious as well as kind, was Thackeray; but the work was not to his taste, and after a short period he relinquished it at a large pecuniary sacrifice. To that terrible person, the owner of a "rejected contribution," he was frequently most generous, breaking the literary disappointment with the solace of a bank-note in many instances. But he found it painfully difficult to say "No" when it became imperative to reject would-be contributors, and fled from the field in despair accordingly. To a friend he said on one occasion, "How can I go into society with comfort? I dined the other day at —'s, and at the table were four gentlemen whose masterpieces of literary art I had been compelled to decline with thanks." So he informed his readers for the last time that he would "not be responsible for rejected communications." On Christmas Eve, 1863, came the event which touched the heart of Britain with a genuine grief. The not altogether uneventful career of one of the truest and best of men was closed. When it was

known that the author of "Vanity Fair" would charm the world no longer by his truthful pictures of English life, the grief was what we would always have it be when a leader of the people in war, arts, or letters, is stricken down in battle—deep, general, and sincere.

Postponing for the moment a consideration of what we conceive to be the leading characteristics of Thackeray's genius, a certain measure of insight into the author's mind may be gained by a glance at his works—premising that they are not taken in strict chronological order. First, with regard to his more important novels. The key with which he opened the door of fame was undoubtedly "Vanity Fair." Though other writings of a less ambitious nature had previously come from his pen, until the production of this book there was no evidence that Thackeray would ever assume the high position in letters now unanimously awarded to him. But here, at any rate, was demonstrative proof that a new star had arisen. And yet, general as was this belief, no intelligible grounds were for a time assigned for it. The novelist himself always regarded his first work as his best; though we think that in this respect he has followed the example of Milton and other celebrated authors, and chosen as his favorite that which is not absolutely the best, though it may be equal to any which succeeded it. Probably the book was one round whose pages a halo had been thrown by various personal circumstances. But the famous yellow covers, in which the "Novel without a Hero" originally appeared, were not at first sought after with much avidity. Soon, however, it became known that a new delineator of life was at work in society, and one whose pen was as keen as the dissecting knife of the surgeon. An author had sprung up who dared to shame society by a strong and manly scorn, and by proclaiming that it ought to loathe itself in dust and ashes. The world was not unwilling to read the reflection of its foibles and its vices mirrored with so much wit, originality, and genius. How account otherwise for the favor which the work subsequently attained, when it lacked as a novel many of those characteristics for which novels are most eagerly read? To the initial difficulty of a story without a

hero, the writer had voluntarily added that of a lack of consecutiveness and completeness. It was probably begun by the author not only without a hero, but without a plot. We doubt whether any of his novels were written on a plan. Some of them evidently turned under his pen into something quite different from what he had originally intended. His mode of narrative consists in a series of pictures, after the manner of Hogarth, but their popularity sufficiently attested their accuracy. There is no one character in "Vanity Fair" which can be deemed perfectly satisfactory—not that the public always cares for that, preferring sometimes the most thorough-paced villainy (viewing authorship as a question of art) to the most superlative virtue. Becky Sharp, the unprincipled governess, has been as unduly detested as Amelia Sedley has been too lavishly praised. There is nothing in the earlier chapters to prove that Becky Sharp was naturally and entirely unprincipled and unscrupulous, and it was evidently the intention of the author to show that society might justly assume a great portion of the responsibility for the after-development of those qualities. With certain ground to work upon, and given conditions as adjuncts, the influence of society on natures like Becky Sharp's would be to encrust them with selfishness, and superinduce complete hypocrisy. If heroine there be in the novel it is this clever adventuress, and except on some half-dozen occasions it is scarcely possible to avoid a pity approaching to contempt for the character of Amelia Sedley, who is intended to personify the good element an author generally casts about to discover in concocting a story. Captain Dobbin is overdrawn, and one is well-nigh tempted to wish that he had a little less virtue and a little more selfishness. While we love him, he has a tendency to make us angry. The most masterly touches in the volume are those in which the portraits of the Marquis of Steyne and of Sir Pitt Crawley are sketched. The aristocracy furnish the villains and the most contemptible specimens of the race, while the excellent persons come from the rank of the middle class and the poor—their namby-pambyism, however, now and then reducing their claims to our regard. The author speaks for the most part in his

own person, and herein lies one of the principal reasons for the success of the book. We feel the satirist at our elbow; he is not enveloped in thick folds in the distance; as we read his trenchant observations and withering sarcasms we can almost see the glances of scorn or of pity which he would assume when engaged in his task. Well might the world exclaim that this was no novice who thus wrote of its meannesses and its glory, its virtues and its vices. This novel lifted him at once, and justly, into the position of one of the ablest writers of subjective fiction. It is especially remarkable, in connection with "Vanity Fair," to note the extremely little conversational matter in a tale of this great length; another proof that the strength of the author lay not in the conventional groove of the novelist, but in those other powers of Thackeray—rare observation, an acute penetration of motives, an abhorrence of sham or pretence, and an entirely new and genuine humor.

In "Pendennis," the next great work by Thackeray, there is not only some approach to a consecutive plot, but we are inclined to think finer drawing of individual character than in its predecessor. There is not so much brilliancy of writing, but there is a considerable advance in the art of the novelist. With all the graphic touches which took form in the features of Becky Sharp, Amelia Sedley, and Captain Dobbin, there is nothing in the earlier work to compare with the portraits of George Warrington, Helen Pendennis, and Laura. The hero Arthur is one who succumbs to the ordinary temptations of life, and has very little attaching to him of that romance in which a hero is generally expected to be enshrined. Because it was so natural, the book was not regarded at first as very successful; nothing could be truer to the original than the manner in which Arthur Pendennis is sketched, and his love passages with Miss Fotheringay, the actress, are naively related; but it was of course impossible to become inspired with the same feelings towards him as were excited by the chivalric heroes of Scott. A man who resorts in the morning to a bottle of soda water to correct the exuberant spirits of the night before, is not calculated to awaken much personal adoration. He is too fallible, and the novel-reading com-

munity demands sinless heroes and heroines ere it consents to raise them to the lofty pedestal accorded to its greatest favorites. There is no exaggeration in a single portrait to be found in "Pendennis;" all are true—are true to the minutest detail, and the author has simply acted as the photographer to his clients; he "nothing extenuates, or sets down aught in malice." The early follies of Pendennis, and his university career—which was chiefly noticeable for splendid suppers and dealings with money-lenders at a hundred per cent.—are described with no sparing pen. The case is typical of thousands now, and is no credit to the youth of the universities. "Only wild oats," the apologists for undergraduate extravagance reminds us; but there is no natural necessity that this particular university crop should be sown; many men, worthy men too, are compelled to go through life without the satisfaction of having ruined their friends by their follies. The result overtook Pendennis which righteously succeeds, we suppose, to dissipation and neglect of study. When the degree examinations came, "many of his own set who had not half his brains, but a little regularity and constancy of occupation, took high place in the honors or passed with decent credit. And where in the list was Pen, the superb, Pen the wit and dandy, Pen the poet and orator! Ah, where was Pen, the widow's darling and sole pride? Let us hide our heads and shut up the page. The lists came out; and a dreadful rumor rushed through the university that Pendennis of Boniface was plucked." Yet though he fled from the university, the widow went on loving him still, just the same, and little Laura hugged to her heart with a secret passion the image of the young scapegrace. So inexplicable and so devoted is the character of woman! The little orphan paid the debts of the dashing, clever hero. More sketches of society with its hollowness and pretence follow this revelation, and then we find Arthur in the modern Babylon, soon to become the friend of George Warrington, who was destined to be his guide, philosopher, and friend. The brains of our hero now became of service, and in dwelling on his intellectual labor Thackeray details the secret history of a literary hack, together with the story of the establishment of a

newspaper for "the gentlemen of England," the prospectus of which was written by Captain Shandon in Fleet Prison. Brilliant indeed were the intellectual Bohemians who wrote for that witty and critical journal. There are no more interesting or amusing sketches in the whole of the author's novels than those relating to this paper, and the intimate knowledge displayed in the details of the schemes of rival printers and publishers was a part of the author's own dearly bought experience. Arthur is strangely consoled in his endeavors to live by the aid of literature by his uncle, Major Pendennis, who assures him that "poetry and genius, and that sort of thing, were devilishly disreputable" in his time. But success waits on him, and he can afford to smile at the eccentric officer. Were it not for the closing pages of "Pendennis" we could almost feel angry with Thackeray for challenging our interest in Arthur. But the lesson he had to teach compensates for all disappointments. No stones are to be unnecessarily thrown at the erring, and the shadows in Pendennis's life are to teach others how to avoid similar errors. The unworthy often run away with the honors. The history of Pendennis closes with fruition for the hero, while the nobler character, George Warrington, suffers disappointment. But then the novelist justly observes:

"If the best men do not draw the great prizes in life, we know that it has been so ordained by the Ordainer of the lottery; we own, and see daily, how the false and worthless live and prosper, while the good are called away, and the dear and young perish untimely. We perceive in every man's life maimed happiness, the frequent falling, the bootless endeavor, the struggle of right and wrong, in which the strong often succumb and the swift fall; we see flowers of good blooming in foul places, as in the most lofty and splendid fortunes, flaws of vice and meanness, and stains of evil, and, knowing how mean the best of us is, let us give a hand of charity to Arthur Pendennis, with all his faults and shortcomings, who does not claim to be a hero, but only a man and a brother."

Passing by temporarily the lectures on the humorists in order to preserve the chain of novels unbroken, we come to a work which is perhaps the most satisfactory of all Thackeray's writings, regarding them purely in the light of literary art. There are few productions in the world of fiction which exhibit the finish of "Esmond," for the author has not only

drawn his characters with unusual skill, but delighted the reader with repeated bursts of natural, unaffected eloquence, in language sedulously borrowed from the age of Steele and Addison. As regards style, indeed, "Esmond" is an incredible *tour-de-force*, and is by far the most original of all his books. For the first time the author transplants us to that age which afterwards became of such absorbing interest to him that he could not tear himself away from it; so imbued was he altogether with the literature of the time of Queen Anne and George I, that at last he seemed to live in it. At his death he had another work in contemplation whose period was fixed in the eighteenth century. It is easy even to the uninitiated to discover that Thackeray wrote his history of Esmond, a colonel in the service of her Majesty Queen Anne, thoroughly *con amore*. He revelled in his theme and in the associations it brought with it. Genial, witty Dick Steele and Mr. Joseph Addison are introduced to us, and we see them, along with Esmond, drinking the Burgundy, which, says Addison, "my Lord Halifax sent me." We are carried through portions of Marlborough's campaigns, and the spirit blazes with enthusiasm at the pluck which wrought such valiant deeds, and brought undying honor on the British arms. The avarice and ambition of the brilliant Churchill are forgotten as the plans of his consummate genius are unravelled. Esmond's career with General Webb is traced with intense interest, and the scenes become as real to us as they undoubtedly seemed to the author. The plot of the book is not of the happiest description, the machinations of the Jacobites being interwoven largely with the thread of the narrative. The hero loves in the outset Beatrix Esmond, daughter of a viscount, and the devotion he exhibits to the idol of his heart and his imagination is something extraordinary even in comparison with the loves of other heroes. Beatrix, however, was unworthy of it; homage she would receive, true passion she seemed incapable of returning. Self-willed to a degree, the noble nature of such a man as Esmond was as a sealed book to her. His gravest feelings she treated with levity, and at length her conduct with the Pretender broke the spell, and threw down from its lofty pedestal,

once and forever, the idol he had set up. Like the marble, it was beautiful to the eye; like the marble it was cold and insensible to the touch. Finally Esmond contracts a union with Beatrix's mother, Lady Castlewood, still handsome and comparatively young, and who had always cherished the memory of Esmond as one whom she dearly loved in his youth. Her affection for him had never waned. The volume closes with their settlement on the banks of the Potomac, in a calm and serene happiness. The autobiographer, in describing their Virginian estate and transatlantic life, says: "Our diamonds are turned into ploughs and axes for our plantations, and into negroes, the happiest and merriest, I think, in all this country; and the only jewel by which my wife sets any store, and from which she hath never parted, is that gold button she took from my arm on the day when she visited me in prison, and which she wore ever after, as she told me, on the tenderest heart in the world." In reading "Esmond," so cleverly is the story told, and with such ease and truthfulness, that the reader does not stay to note what a difficult task the novelist has set himself in venturing to deal with a plot more than commonly unattractive. Thackeray, however, is nowhere the slave of a plot; and in sometimes deliberately fighting against conventional construction and probability, he has proved by his success in enlisting interest and sympathy that he wielded the pen of a master. The world can forgive its hero for not doing what ninety-nine heroes in a hundred perform, when his history is related with the fidelity and ability which distinguish "Esmond." There are more characters carefully and vividly drawn in this book than are to be found in the entire novels of many popular writers; and that pungency of Thackeray's pen which cuts through individualities as sharply and clearly as the diamond cuts through the glass, is here in full operation. It was as superior to its predecessor as the latter was to almost all the novels of the time. In regard to historical portraiture it has never been excelled; to read it once is to be struck with its eloquence and power; to read it a second time is to be impressed with its fidelity and photographic accuracy.

(To be continued.)

TONSON AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

It is the second week of September, the year 1666. At his shop-door in Holborn, beneath the time-honored emblem of his profession, the parti-colored pole, stands Mr. Jacob Tonson, barber-surgeon. He looks earnestly and sorrowfully at the dense canopy of smoke that hangs over the east. The fire that had destroyed more than half of London is still smouldering. Fragments of burning paper still fall upon the causeway, as the remains of the books that were stowed in St. Faith's, under Paul's, are stirred by the wind. Mr. Tonson is troubled. He has friends amongst the booksellers in the ruined city; and occasional customers, who have come thence to be trimmed, with beards of a se'nnight's growth, tell him that these traders are most of them undone.

A month has passed since the fire broke out. The wealthy are finding house-room in Westminster and Southwark, and in streets of the city which the flames have not reached. The poor are still, many of them, abiding in huts and tents in Moorfields and St. George's Fields, and on the hills leading to Highgate. Some of the great thoroughfares may now be traversed. Mr. Tonson will venture forth to see the condition of his Company's Hall. With his second son, Jacob, holding his hand, he makes his way to Monkwell Street. Barber-Surgeon's Hall has sustained some injury; but the theatre, built by Inigo Jones, which is the pride of the Company, has not been damaged. He shows his son Holbein's great picture of the Company receiving their charter from Henry VIII., and expatiates upon the honor of belonging to such a profession. Young Jacob does not seem much impressed by the parental enthusiasm. The blood-letting and tooth-drawing are not more attractive to him than the shaving, which latter operation his father deposes to his apprentices. They make their way through narrow lanes across Aldersgate Street, and so into Little Britain. Mr. Tonson enters a large book-shop, and salutes the bookseller with great respect. By common repute, Mr. Scot is the largest librarian in Europe. Young Jacob listens attentively to all that passes. His father brings out William Loudon's "Catalogue of the most vendible books in England," and inquires for "The Anatomical Exercises of Dr. W. Harvey, Physician to the King's most Excellent Majesty, concerning the Motion of the Heart and Blood." Mr. Scot is somewhat at leisure, and says that he has heard more disputes about Dr. Harvey's opinions of the circulation of the blood, than upon any subject not theological. Mr. Tonson buys for his son, who has a taste for verse, a little volume of "Mr. Milton's Poems, with a Mask before the Earl of Bridgewater." Mr. Scot informs him that Mr. Milton, who had gone to Buckinghamshire upon the breaking out of the plague, has returned to his house in Bunhill Fields,

and, as he hears, is engaged upon an heroic poem. The sum which Mr. Tonson has to pay for the two books rather exceeds his expectation; but Mr. Scot gives it not only as his own opinion, but that of a very shrewd customer of his, Mr. Pepys, that, in consequence of so many books being burned, there will be a great want of books. Mr. Scot is firmly impressed with the truth of an old adage, that what is one man's loss is another man's gain, and has no scruple about raising the prices of his large stock. "A good time is coming, sir, for printers and booksellers," says Mr. Scot. "Ah, Jacob!" exclaims Mr. Tonson, "if I hadn't a noble profession for you to follow, I should like to see you a bookseller."

Two years have elapsed. The good chirurgeon has fallen sick; and not even his conversion to Dr. Harvey's opinions "concerning the motion of the heart and blood" can save him. Young Jacob has employed most of his holiday hours in reading plays and poems, and he had a decided aversion to the business carried on "under the pole." His father had left his brother Richard, himself, and his three sisters, one hundred pounds each, to be paid them upon their coming of age. The two brothers resolved for printing and bookselling. Jacob was apprenticed, on the 5th of June, 1670, to Thomas Bassett, bookseller; he was then of the age of fourteen. We scarcely need trace the shadow of the boy growing up into a young man, and learning, what a practical experience only can give, to form a due estimate of the trade value of books, and the commercial reputation of authors. After seven years he was admitted to his freedom in the Stationers' Company, and immediately afterward commenced business with his capital of a hundred pounds. The elder brother had embarked in the same calling a year before. Thus, at the beginning of 1678, he entered "the realms of print"—a region not then divided into so many provinces as now. Under "The Judge's Head," which he set up as his sign in Chancery Lane, close to the corner of Fleet street, he might have an open window, and exhibit, upon a capacious board, old law-books and new plays, equally vendible in that vicinity of the inns of court. But he had a higher ambition than to be a mere vender of books. He would purchase and print original writings, and he would aim at securing "the most eminent hands." He published before 1679 some of the plays of Otway and Tate. But he aimed at more illustrious game. We see him as he sits in his back shop, pondering over such reputations. Mr. Otway's "Friendship in Fashion" is somewhat too gross, and his "Caius Marius" has been stolen, in great part, from Shakspeare. As for Mr. Tate, he may be fit to mangle "King Lear," but he has no genius. Could he get hold of Mr. Dryden! He, indeed, were worth having. Mr. Herringman has been Mr. Dryden's publisher, but the young aspirant hears of some dis-

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agreement. He will step over to the great writer's house, near St. Bride's Church, and make a bidding for his next play. "Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth found too late," was published by Tonson and Swalle, in 1679. The venture of twenty pounds for the copy is held to have been too large for our Jacob to have encountered singly.

Let us endeavor to realize the shadow of the figure and deportment of the young bookseller. He is in his twenty-third year, short and stout. Twenty years later, Pope calls him "little Jacob." It was not till after his death that he became immortalized in the "Dunciad" as "left-legg'd Jacob." In one previous edition, Lintot, "with steps unequal;" in another, with "legs expanded" "seemed to emulate great Jacob's pace." The "two left legs," as well as "leering looks," "bull face," and "Judas-colored hair," are attributed to Dryden in a satirical description of "Bibliopolo," a fragment of which is inserted in a virulent Tory poem, published at the time when Tonson was secretary of the Kit-Cat Club, composed of the Whigs most distinguished as statesmen and writers. In a dialogue between Tonson and Congreve, published in 1714, in a small volume of poems by Rowe, there is a pleasant description of Tonson before he had grand associates.

"While, in your early days of reputation,
You for blue garters had not such a passion;
While yet you did not live, as now your trade is,
To drink with noble lords, and toast their ladies,
Thou, Jacob Tonson, wert, to my conceiving,
The cheerfullest, best, honest fellow living."

After this, the eulogy of John Dunton is somewhat flat: "He was bookseller to the famous Dryden, and is himself a very good judge of persons and authors; and, as there is nobody more competently qualified to give their opinion upon another, so there is none who does it with a more severe exactness, or with less partiality; for, to do Mr. Tonson justice, he speaks his mind upon all occasions, and will flatter nobody."

The young bookseller is gradually attaining a position. In 1681 there was an indefatigable collector of the fugitive poetry, especially political, which formed the chief staple of many booksellers' shops, and the most vendible commodity of noisy hawkers. Mr. Narcissus Luttrell recorded—according to his custom of marking on each sheet and half-sheet of the "Sibylline Leaves" the day he acquired it—that on the 17th of November he received a copy of the first part of "Absalom and Achitophel" "from his friend Jacob Tonson." Dryden and his publisher appear to be on a very friendly footing in 1684. He sends the poet a present of two melons; and the poet, in his letter of thanks, advises him to reprint "Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Verse," and to print a thousand copies. Dryden was now at work upon the "Miscellany Poems;" that collection which is sometimes called "Tonson's" and sometimes "Dryden's." According to the fashion of

title-pages at that time, it was to be written "by the most eminent hands." The poet writes, "since we are to have nothing but new, I am resolved we will have nothing but good, whomever we disoblige." The first volume was published in 1684; a second volume appeared in 1685. Malone says, "This was the first collection of that kind which had appeared for many years in England." The third "Miscellany" was published in 1693. Tonson has now become a sharp tradesman. A letter from him to Dryden exhibits him haggling about the number of lines he ought to receive of the translation of parts of Ovid. He had only 1,446 for fifty guineas, whereas he expected 1,518 lines for forty guineas. He is, nevertheless, humbly submissive. "I own, if you don't think fit to add something more, I must submit; 'tis wholly at your choice." Still, holding to his maxim to have a pennyworth for his penny, he adds, "You were pleased to use me much kindlier in Juvenal, which is not reckoned so easy to translate as Ovid." Although the bookseller seems mercenary enough to justify Malone's remark that "by him who is to live by the sale of books, a book is considered merely as an article of trade," Dryden soon after writes to Tonson, "I am much ashamed of myself that I am so much behind-hand with you in kindness. Above all things, I am sensible of your good nature in bearing me company to this place" (somewhere in Northamptonshire.)

Dryden could now ill afford to be curtailed in the bookseller's payment for his verses. The Revolution had deprived him of his office of poet-laureate; but he might do better than writing "Miscellany Poems" at the rate of ninepence a line. He will publish a specimen of his translation of Virgil in the "Miscellany," but he will produce the complete work by subscription. Tonson shall be his agent for printing the volumes, with engravings. The plan succeeds. There are large-paper copies for the rich and great; there are small-paper copies for a second class of subscribers. "Be ready with the price of paper and of the books," writes Dryden. They were to meet at a tavern. "No matter for any dinner; for that is a charge to you, and I care not for it. Mr. Congreve may be with us, as a common friend." Few were the literary bargains that were settled without a dinner. Fewer, indeed, were the coffee-house meetings between author and bookseller that were not accompanied with that solace which was called "a whet." Their business is completed. Mr. Dryden goes again into the country for his poetical labors and his fishing. Mr. Tonson is "My good friend;" and "I assure you I lay up your last kindness to me in my heart." But a terrible subject of dispute is coming up which much perplexes the bookseller. In October, 1695, the poet writes, I expect fifty pounds in good silver: not such as I had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I; nor stay for

it beyond four and twenty hours after it is due." The sellers and the buyers in all trades are sorely disturbed in their calculations; whilst Charles Montague and Locke and Newton are thinking over the best means for a reform of the coinage. Mr. Tonson's customers give him bad silver for his books, and Mr. Dryden's subscribers for his five-guinea edition would take care not to pay the bookseller at the rate of twenty-one shillings for each golden piece, whose exchangeable value is increased forty per cent. When the author writes, "I expect fifty pounds in good silver," he demands an impossibility. All the "good silver" was hoarded. When he says, "I am not obliged to take gold," he means that he was not obliged to take guineas at their market value, as compared with the clipped and debased silver. Cunningham says, "Guineas on a sudden rose to thirty shillings a piece: all currency of other money was stopped." Dryden was, in the end, compelled to submit to the common fate of all who had to receive money in exchange for labor or goods. So the poet squabbles with his publisher into the next year, and the publisher—of whose arguments in his self-defence we hear nothing—gets hard measure from the historian one hundred and fifty years afterwards. "The ignorant and helpless peasant," says Macaulay, "was cruelly ground between one class which would give money only by tale, and another which would take it only by weight; yet his sufferings hardly exceeded those of the unfortunate race of authors. Of the way in which obscure writers were treated we may easily form a judgment from the letters, still extant, of Dryden to his bookseller, Tonson." The poet's complaints, presented without any attendant circumstances, and with some suppression, would seem to imply that Tonson attempted to cheat Dryden, as he would have attempted to cheat obscure writers. But Macaulay justly says, "These complaints and demands, which have been preserved from destruction only by the eminence of the writer, are doubtless merely a fair example of the correspondence which filled all the mail-bags of England for several months."

Reconciliation soon comes. The business intercourse of Dryden and Tonson continues uninterrupted. Jacob, we may believe, sometimes meditates upon the loss of his great friend. Will any poetical genius arise worthy to take his place? He thinks not. He must look around him and see which of the old writers can be successfully reproduced, like the Milton, which he has now made his own, as the world may observe in the portrait which Sir Godfrey Kneller has painted for him, with "Paradise Lost" in his hand.*

We see the shadow of a younger Jacob Tonson than he who is thus represented in the engraving. We see

* Engraved in mezzotint by Faber. A beautiful and now very rare print.

him bargaining, in 1683, with Brabazon Aylmer for one-half of his interest in Milton's poem. Aylmer produces the document, which transfers to him the entire copyright, signed by Samuel Simmons; and he exhibits also the original covenant of indenture, by which Milton sold to Simmons his copy for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a stipulation for other payments, according to the future sales—twenty pounds in the whole. Mr. Tonson thinks that the value of other literary wares than "prologues and plays" has risen in the market. He could scarcely have dreamed, however, that the time would come when a hundred guineas would be given for this very indenture, and that it would be preserved in a national museum as a sacred treasure. He buys a half of Aylmer's interest, and has many cogitations about the best mode of making profit out of his bargain. The temper of the times, and the fashionable taste, are not propitious to blank-verse upon a sacred subject; and the name of Milton, the secretary of the late Protector, is held in hatred. It is true that Mr. Dryden had said that this was one of the greatest, most noble, and most sublime poems which either the age or nation had produced; but the prudent Jacob would pause a little. The time might come when he who sang of "man's first disobedience" would not be hated by the clergy, and when Rochester would not be the fashion at court. He waited four years, and then issued proposals for publishing "Paradise Lost" by subscription. He was encouraged in this undertaking by two persons of some influence—John Somers, who had written verses and other things for him, a barrister; and Francis Atterbury, a student of Christ Church. There is sufficient encouragement to proceed; and so, in 1688, Milton comes forth in folio, with a portrait, under which are engraven certain lines which Dryden had furnished to his publisher. Times were changed since Samuel Simmons paid his five pounds down for the copy, and agreed to pay five pounds more when thirteen hundred were sold. And so Mr. Dryden was not altogether opposed to the critical opinions of the existing generation when he wrote that "the force of Nature could no farther go" when she united Homer and Virgil in Milton. Dryden not only gave his famous six lines to Tonson, but paid his crowns as a subscriber. It is St. Cecilia's Day, the 22d of November, 1697. Mr. Tonson has seen the manuscript of Mr. Dryden's ode, or song, to be performed at the Music Feast kept in Stationers' Hall—"the Anniversary Feast of the Society of Gentlemen, Lovers of Musick." Mr. Tonson has attended many of these performances in his own hall, and was particularly interested in one a few years before, for which his distinguished friend wrote the ode. But on this latter occasion, as earnest Jacob tells to every one who will listen to him, Mr. Dryden has surpassed himself. Never, he thinks, and thinks truly, has there been so glorious an ode as

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"Alexander's Feast." His notions differed somewhat from the majority of the audience assembled on that occasion, who were accustomed to attach more importance to the music than to the words of the annual song of praise. Purcell died two years before, and Dryden wrote his elegy. One of less renown, Jeremiah Clarke, of the Chapel Royal, is now the composer. A great musician was to arise, in another generation, whose music should be married to this immortal verse. But the noble ode can well stand alone.

The Ode to St. Cecilia formed a part of the volume of "Fables" which Tonson published just before the poet's death. In December, 1699, Dryden had finished the work, with a preface written in his usual pure and vigorous prose. He was paid by Tonson two hundred and fifty guineas, with an engagement to make up that amount to three hundred pounds when a second impression should be demanded. It was thirteen years before such second edition was published.

In May, 1700, the bookseller's first great *patron* died. The time, we think, has arrived when a different interpretation of "patronage," as between author and publisher, must be adopted, in preference to the conventional use of the term which long prevailed. "During the better half of the past century," writes the worthy John Nicholls, "Jacob Tonson and Andrew Millar were the best *patrons* of literature;" a fact rendered unquestionable by the valuable works produced under their fostering and genial hands. Again: "That eminent bookseller, Andrew Millar, the steady *patron* of Thomson and Fielding, and many other eminent authors." In 1773, Johnson said, "Now learning itself is a trade. A man goes to a bookseller, and gets what he can. We have done with patronage." It was a pleasant delusion of Pater-noster Row that patronage of authors had only changed from the Mæcenas of the cabinet to the Mæcenas of the counting-house.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century Tonson purchased a small house and grounds at Barn Elms, a village between Putney and Mortlake. Its majestic elms are said to have been the subject of many a pastoral poet. There was a mansion here in which Count Heidegger, the founder of Italian operas, resided. George II was here entertained with displays of fireworks and illuminated lamps; but the "boets and bainters," who were not in good odor with the Hanoverian dynasty, conferred a lustre upon Barn Elms which did not go out quite so quickly as Heidegger's fireworks. Jacob's villa, originally little more than a cottage, was a pleasant summer place of meeting for the Kit-Cat Club than Shire Lane or the Fountain. Like other clubbable men, its members were fond of country excursions. They had occasional meetings at the "Upper Flask" on Hampstead Heath, but to Barn Elms they could come in

the painted vessel or the swift wherry, not quite so free from care, perhaps, as the swan hopping citizens, who, in their August voyages, were accustomed to land at Barn Elms, and, with collations and dances on the green, while away a summer afternoon.

The origin and early history of the Kit-Cat Club are shrouded in the "darkness visible" of the past. Fable and tradition assert their claims to be interpreters, as in the greater subject of the beginning of nations. Elkanah Settle, whose name has been preserved, like a fly in amber, by Dryden's bitter description of him under the name of Doeg, addressed, in 1699, a manuscript poem "To the most renowned the President and the rest of the Knights of the most noble Order of the Toast." In these verses the city poet asserted the dignity of this illustrious society. Malone supposes the president to have been Lord Dorset or Mr. Montague, and the Order of the Toast to have been identical with the Kit-Cat Club. The toasting glasses of this association had verses engraven upon them, which might have perished with their fragile vehicle had they not been preserved in Tonson's fifth Miscellany, as verses by Halifax, Congreve, Granville, Addison, Garth, and others of the rhyming and witty companionship, whose toasts, as was irreverently written, were in honor of old cats and young kits. This ingenious derivation is ascribed to Arbuthnot. There was a writer of a far lower grade—the scurrilous Ned Ward—who, in his "Secret History of Clubs," gives a circumstantial account of the origin of the Kit-Cat in connection with Jacob Tonson. It was founded, he said, "by an amphibious mortal, chief merchant to the Muses." According to Ward's narrative, we see the shadow of Jacob Tonson, as drawn by a party caricaturist, waiting hopefully in his shop for the arrival of some one or more of "his new profitable chaps, who, having more wit than experience, put but a slender value as yet upon their maiden performances." The exact locality, made illustrious by Christopher Katt and his mutton pies, is held by Ned Ward to have been Gray's Inn Lane; by other and better authorities Shire Lane, and subsequently the Fountain Tavern in the Strand. Mr. Tonson, then, in accordance with the custom of the times, was always ready to propose "a whet" to his authors; but he now added a pastry entertainment. At length, according to the satirist, Jacob proposed a weekly meeting, where he would continue the like feast, provided his friends would give him the refusal of all their juvenile productions. This "generous proposal" was very readily agreed to by the whole poetic class, and the cook's name being Christopher, for brevity called Kit, and his sign being the "Cat and Fiddle," they very merrily derived a quaint denomination from puss and her master, and from thence called themselves the "Kit-Cat Club." Ward goes on to say that the club, having usurped the bays from all the town, "many of the quality grew fond

of showing the everlasting honor that was likely to crown the poetical society."

There probably never existed a club whose members have had such a happy chance of their memories being preserved for the admiration or indifference of posterity as those of the Kit-Cat. Many of them are important figures in the state history of their country, and in the history of its literature. Others have passed on to the obscurity of mere lord chamberlains and grooms of the stole; whilst some of the versifiers and wits of their day have written their names upon the sands of the ebbing tide, which the next flood obliterates. But they each of them were painted by Kneller. The pictures are still in the possession of the representative of the Tonson family, in Hertfordshire, having been, some of them, from time to time publicly exhibited. All the portraits, engraved by Faber, were published a year before the death of Jacob Tonson. They were re-engraved in 1821, accompanied by "Memoirs of the celebrated persons composing the Kit-Cat Club." These memoirs are, with some justice, described by the *Quarterly Review* of 1825 as "one of the most blundering pieces of patchwork that the scissors of a hackney editor ever produced." It certainly is one of the dullest books, manufactured out of the commonest materials. This volume, by which we may trace our course as by a catalogue in calling up some of the Shadows associated in this club with Jacob Tonson, brings them before us, nearly all in the full-bottomed peruke of the court; the men of letters, however, affected this not ungraceful head decoration. Farquhar, in 1698, makes "the full wig as infallible a token of wit as the laurel." Some of the grandees show with ribbons and stars and white staffs; many of them are in the *négligé* costume, which the painter often adopted; more artistic, perhaps, than the lace cravat and the embroidered coat. Only a few are in the cap in which Tonson himself is depicted, but some of these are lords.

First, let us call up the great Sir Godfrey himself, state painter to five sovereigns. He was equally favored by Charles II., James II., William III., Anne, and George I. The German artist must have been exceedingly discreet in his politics and his religion, to have begun life with Toryism and Popery; to have gone on happily with those who accomplished the Revolution; and to have ended his days amongst some of the staunchest adherents of the Protestant cause, the boon companions of his Kit-Cat family at Barn Elms. He must have been an amusing associate when his inordinate vanity was unlocked by good cheer. He would there scarcely venture to relate that famous vision of his which he described to Pope. He dreamed that he was dead; when, encountering St. Peter, the apostle very civilly asked his name. "I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so,

than St. Luke, who was standing close by, turned to me, and said, with a great deal of sweetness, 'What! the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller, from England?' 'The very same, sir,' said I; 'at your service.'" It is related, upon the authority of Pope, that Tonson got a good many fine portraits, and two of himself, by flattering Kneller's vanity. We may picture the bookseller whispering into his ear at the Kit-Cat dinners that he was the greatest master that ever was. That might be sufficient when the flattery was accompanied by the feast; but there were sometimes dull intervals when the Kit-Cat room no longer echoed the toasts of lords and the jokes of wits. The bookseller must then propitiate the painter in some other way. "Oh!" said Kneller, with his usual oath, to Vander Gucht, "this old Jacob loves me; he is a very good man; you see he loves me, he sends me good things; the venison was fat."

We pass on to another personage, who is characterized by an essentially different ruling passion from that of Sir Godfrey. The "proud" Duke of Somerset was the first of the members of the Kit-Cat who sat for his portrait, for the purpose of presenting it to Mr. Tonson, the secretary of the club. We hesitate in giving implicit credence to the stories that are related of this Whig partisan by the Tory writers, such as, that he would never suffer his children to sit in his presence, and that, not deigning to speak to servants, he gave his orders by signs. It seems scarcely consistent that this inordinately haughty peer should write to a tradesman who kept an open book-shop in a public thoroughfare, "Our club is dissolved till you revive it again, which we are impatient of." This was in June, 1703, when Tonson had made a trip to Holland to purchase paper for his noble edition of *Cæsar*. At that exact period, Vanbrugh, who seems to have been his constant friend and correspondent, writes to him at Amsterdam, "In short, the Kit-Cat wants you much more than you ever can them. Those who remain in town are in great desire of waiting on you at Barn Elms; not that they have finished their pictures, neither; though to excuse them as well as myself, Sir Godfrey has been most in fault. The fool has got a country-house near Hampton Court, and is so busy in fitting it up (to receive nobody) that there is no getting him to work." Vanbrugh had recollections of Tonson's villa which were not associated with its ceremonial banquets. Writing to Tonson in 1725, he says, "From Woodstock we went to Lord Cobham's, seeing Middleton-Stony by the way, and eating a cheerful cold loaf at a very humble ale-house: I think, the best meal I ever ate, except the first supper in the kitchen at Barnes."

Richard Tonson, the descendant of the old bookseller, who resided at Water-Oakley on the banks of the Thames, added a room to the villa which he inherited, on whose spacious walls the portraits were

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hung; not so completely in the style of a master of the ceremonies as in the memoir-writer series of engravings. This latter Tonson, one of the representatives for Windsor, was a partner with his brother, the third Jacob, in the old bookselling business in the Strand; and may therefore be excused for having, with his trade notion of great names, placed together in close companionship. Dryden, Vanbrugh, Congreve, Addison, Garth, and Steele. In our discursive fashion, we shall venture to depart from both the arrangements. Peers, without any intermixture of plebeian blood, are not considered to be the liveliest of companions. We think we may also take the liberty of saying, that a knot of six authors of our own time—though not exactly possessing the qualities attributed to the tribe—

"So very clever, anxious, fine and jealous,"

would not come up to the ordinary expectation that nothing but pearls would drop from their mouths.

In the Water-Oakley arrangement, the door of the room cuts off Tonson from Dryden, who is not given in the engraved series. It may be doubted whether Dryden takes his place here as a member of the Kit-Cat Club, or was introduced by Jacob's descendant, out of respect to the great name by whom the son of the barber-surgeon of Fleet street was first brought into notice. If so it was a very just tribute. As we have intimated, there was no cause of discord between the poet and the bookseller, when the translator of Virgil might expect, like Dante, to be conducted through the unknown regions by his great original. Dryden had, no doubt, forgiven the offence which Jacob had committed a few years before. Although the poet had refused his request to dedicate his translation to King William, the publisher, nevertheless, "prepared the book for it; for, in every figure of *Aeneas*, he has caused him to be drawn, like King William, with a hooked nose. The device of the bookseller is recorded in an epigram of the period:—

'Old Jacob, by deep judgment swayed,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old *Nassau's* hook-nosed head
On young *Aeneas's* shoulders.

'To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little lacking:
One took his father pick-a-back;
And t'other sent him packing.'

The history of the Kit-Cat Club would be far more intelligible could we trace the dates of the admission of members. Club records are perishable commodities, and there are none remaining of the Kit-Cat Club. Ned Ward tells us that the banter upon Dryden's "*Hind and Panther*," called "*The City Mouse and Country Mouse*," stole into the world out of the witty society of the Kit-Cat. This joint production of Prior and Charles Montague was published in 1687, much to the annoyance of Dryden, who

thought it hard that two young fellows, to whom he had been civil, should set the town laughing at him. Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, was painted by Kneller amongst the Kit-Cat portraits. Prior does not appear in this collection. Between 1687 and 1703, when the club had a settled locality at Barn Elms, Montague had well pushed his fortunes,—to adopt Johnson's words,—“as an artful and active statesman, employed in balancing parties, contriving expedients, and combating opposition.” His qualities as a writer have ceased to interest; but, as a patron of letters, at the period before reliance was placed upon that greater patron the public, who is not to be flattered into complacency by dedications and odes, his memory has survived. “From the moment,” says Macaulay, “at which he began to distinguish himself in public life, he ceased to be a versifier. . . He wisely determined to derive from the poetry of others a glory which he never could have derived from his own. As a patron of genius and learning, he ranks with his two illustrious friends, Dorset and Somers.” Both the eminent men thus referred to were members of the Kit-Cat, and are amongst the foremost of those who justify the eulogy of Horace Walpole: “The Kit-Cat Club, though generally mentioned as a set of wits, were, in fact, the patriots that saved Britain.”

Amongst the nobles and statesmen of the period that have been made so familiar to us by the eloquent narrative of Macaulay, and who are represented in Kneller's Kit-Cat portraits, we find that of one who has been “damned to everlasting fame,” not only by the great historian, but by the great novelist. If we would study the character of one of the most wicked nobles of that day, we may turn to Macaulay's *History*, and Thackeray's “*Esmond*.” How Charles Lord Mohun could have become a member of any decent society, after his participation in the murder of Mountford, the actor, in 1692, it would be difficult to conjecture. There were few peers, we may believe, of the Kit Cat Club, who, whatever might have been their motive for the verdict of “not guilty” upon Mohun's trial before the Lord High Steward, would have applauded the saying of one great nobleman,—“After all, the fellow was but a player; and players are rogues.” Spence has preserved a satisfactory anecdote of our friend the bookseller, as told him by Pope, which evidently refers to the early days of the club. “The master of the house where the club met was Christopher Katt; Tonson was secretary. The day Lord Mohun and the Earl of Berkeley entered it, Jacob said he saw they were just going to be ruined. When Lord Mohun broke down the gilded emblem on the top of his chair, Jacob complained to his friends, and said ‘that a man who would do that would cut a man's throat.’ So that he had the good and the forms of the society much at heart.”

Thirty years after the Kit-Cat Club had taken its station at Barn Elms, Pope, in his first satire, published in 1733, celebrated a distinguished epicure of that period:—

"Each mortal has his pleasure; none deny;
Scarsdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pie."

Darty was Charles Dartiquenave, or Dartineuf. The famous lover of "ham-pie" might have been one of the early members of the Kit-Cat who rejoiced in Christopher Katt's "mutton-pies." Swift describes him to Stella as "the man who knows every thing that everybody knows, and where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and where they were last." He wrote a paper in the *Tatler* on the use of wine, in which Addison is supposed to be pointed at. "I have the good fortune to be intimate with a gentleman who has an inexhaustible source of wit, to entertain the curious, the grave, the humorous, and the frolic. He can transform himself into different shapes, and adapt himself to every company; yet, in a coffee-house, or in the ordinary course of affairs, appears rather dull than sprightly. You can seldom get him to the tavern; but, when once he is arrived to his pint, and begins to look about, and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him which before lay buried. Then you discover the brightness of his mind and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most graceful mirth."

It is scarcely necessary that we should notice Addison or Steele as members of the Kit-Cat Club, except as they hover round the shadow of Jacob Tonson. The bookseller, it would appear from Pope's representations, had no affection for the famous essayist: "Old Jacob Tonson did not like Mr. Addison. He had a quarrel with him; and, after his quitting the secretaryship, used frequently to say of him, 'One day or other you'll see that man a bishop! I'm sure he looks that way; and indeed, I ever thought him a priest in his heart.'" In Spence's *Anecdotes*, Tonson is made to say, "Addison was so eager to be the first name, that he and his friend Sir Richard Steele used to run down even Dryden's character as far as they could. Pope and Congreve used to support it." Tonson, indeed, appears to have been chivalrously faithful to his first great friend. There is a curious letter addressed to him by Dennis the critic, in 1715, which thus begins: "When I had the good fortune to meet you in the city, it was with concern that I heard from you of the attempt to lessen the reputation of Mr. Dryden; and 'tis with indignation that I have since learned that that attempt has chiefly been carried on by small poets." Pope is here the jealous rival who is pointed at. One more anecdote which Spence gives, on the authority of Dr. Leigh: "Mr. Addison was not a good-natured man, and very

jealous of rivals. Being one evening in company with Philips, and the poems of Blenheim and the Campaign being talked of, he made it his whole business to run down blank verse. Philips never spoke till between eleven and twelve o'clock; nor even then could he do it in his own defence. It was at Jacob Tonson's; and a gentleman in company ended the dispute by asking Jacob what poem he ever got the most by. Jacob immediately named Milton's 'Paradise Lost.'"

The statesmen of the Kit-Cat Club—"the patriots that saved Britain"—thus lived in social union with the Whig writers who were devoted to the charge of the poetry that opened their road to preferment. This band of orators and wits was naturally hateful to the Tory authors that Harley and Bolingbroke were nursing into the bitter satirists of the weekly sheets. Jacob Tonson naturally came in for a due share of invective. In a poem entitled "Factions Displayed," he is ironically introduced as "the touchstone of all modern wit;" and he is made to vilify the great ones of Barn Elms:

"I am the founder of your loved Kit-Cat,
A club that gave direction to the State;
'Twas there we first instructed all our youth
To talk profane and laugh at sacred truth;
We taught them how to boast and rhyme and bite,
To sleep away the day and drink away the night."

Tonson may be deemed the prince of booksellers, in his association with some of the most eminent men of his own time. These were essentially "his friends;" but the mighty ones of the past had not less to do than the living in his establishment of his fortune and his fame. He identified himself with Milton by first making "Paradise Lost" popular. A few years after, when he moved from his old shop in Chancery Lane, he no longer traded under the sign of "The Judge's Head," but set up "Shakspeare's Head." He was truly the first bookseller who threw open Shakspeare to a reading public. The four folio editions had become scarce even in his time. The third folio was held to have been destroyed in the fire of London. In 1709 Tonson produced Rowe's edition in octavo. Bernard Lintot the elder, who, about the same time, republished Shakspeare's poems, expresses himself in his advertisement as if Tonson's speculation were an experiment not absolutely certain of success: "The writings of Mr. Shakspeare are in so great esteem, that several gentlemen have subscribed to a late edition of his dramatic works in six volumes, which makes me hope that this little book will not be unacceptable to the public." Tonson and his family were long associated with editions of Shakspeare. Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Johnson, and Capell, were liberally paid by the Tonsons for their editorial services.

GUSTAVE DORÉ AT WORK.

BY BLANCHARD JERROLD.

It was on the 25th of October of last year, while we were listening at the open grave of Théophile Gautier to the sharp vibrations of the voice in which the younger Dumas was recounting the claims of "the great Theo." upon the love and gratitude of all who valued letters and the arts, and his forty years of labor, that I turned to Doré, and thought how hardly he had been used by critics, who had thanked him for his prodigious capacity for work, by describing him to the world as an artist *à la minute*. I found him one day over the fourth plate of his "Neophyte," the three, already far advanced, having been put away because in some of the fine work they did not satisfy his fastidious conscientiousness. He glanced up at me from his copper, and said quietly, answering my look of surprise, "I have the patience of the ox, you see—as I have often told you."

Yea, it is the patience of the ox, forever fed by an imagination of the most fertile power and the most extraordinary impulsiveness; an imagination that has been directed by study in the company of Dante and Milton, and by the inspiration of the Bible; that has revelled in the *joyeux* of Rabelais and the "Contes Drolatiques;" that has caught warmth from Don Quixote and from travels in his glowing land; and that has traveled with the Wandering Jew, and lived in fable and legend, in history and poesy, through more than twenty years of working days. The unthinking world and the careless critic look upon the marvellous accumulation of the poet's dreams and fancies, which he has cast upon paper or wrought in color, as evidence of the fleetness of his hand, and not of his valiant, patient spirit, that dwells in art forever through all its waking hours. The page to which Doré has given a week's thought, and upon which he was working when the critic was in bed, is described as

another example of the rapidity—and therefore the carelessness—with which the artist tosses off a poem, or embodies a legend. A caricaturist has had the audacity to draw the illustrator of Dante with pencils in both hands and between the toes of both feet—ignorant of the necessity under which a fervid and incessantly creative imagination, like Gustave Doré's, exists.

I repeat, Doré cannot get out of his art. He is almost incapable of relaxation. While you sit at table with him, you note the sudden pauses in the conversation, in which his eyes wander from the company to his land of dreams. On the instant he is away from you, and his face wears an expression of dreamy sadness, at which a stranger will start, but that is familiar to his friends, who humor him back to them with a laugh. His Rabelais, his "Contes Drolatiques," and his Don Quixote proclaim that he has humor. It is of a grim kind often, in his work, as the reader may see in the splendid new edition of his Rabelais, just published by Garniers Brothers. But it is boisterous, free, and sometimes fine and delicate; as his admirers can testify who remember his albums and his contributions to the *Journal pour Rire*. In the new Rabelais—a noble production, rich in the various qualities necessary to the illustrator of the great *railleur* of the Middle Ages—we find, in conjunction with the young work of the artist (1854)—rough, but brilliant and joyous, laughing with the laughing text—the finer pencilling and the richer brain of his maturity. The two superb volumes, in which all that Doré has to say with his pencil on François Rabelais is set out richly by printer and binder, comprehend examples of the ranges of observation, the circles of dreams, and the styles and effects that are to be found in his extraordinary work as an illustrator. Rabelais is nearer, in general quality, to the "Contes Drolatiques" than any of Doré's other works;

but it is superior to the Balzac interpretations in this, that it contains samples of the artist's highest work, as the ark in the origin of Pantagruel, in Pantagruel defying the three hundred giants; or, again, Pantagruel's entry into Paris; or, in short a score of examples I might cite from "Gargantua." Rabelais and Don Quixote I should instance as the fields in which the artist has delighted most, as Dante and the Bible are the stores on which the highest force in him has been lavishly expended—never in haste, as I am able to testify. Before the pencil approached either of these labors, the artist's mind had traveled again and again over the pages; his imagination had dwelt upon every line, he had talked and thought about his theme in his walks and among his intimates. Patiently and incessantly the work coming in hand—the work next to be done—is investigated, parcelled out, put together, and pulled to pieces. There is not the least sign of haste, but there is labor without intermission, which, to the sluggish worker, produces a quantity that proves haste. I have known many artists, many men of letters, many scientific men, and many wonder-workers in the material world; but in none of them have I seen that capacity for continuous effort, and that impossibility of getting clear of the toil of production, which Doré possesses. He will never escape the charge of haste, because he will never slacken to the average hours of production. His entire heart and being lie within the walls of his studio. It is a place of prodigious proportions. Every trowelful of it has come out of his brain-pan, and his ardent and intrepid spirit fills it to the rafters, and turns to account every ray of light that pours through his windows. The student of Gustave Doré must understand his thoroughness and vehemence as a creator, and be able to count the hours he spends in giving shape to his creations, before he can estimate the artist's conscientiousness and, I will say, his religious

care to do his utmost, even on a tail-piece to an appendix.

As his fellow-traveler through the light and shade of London during two or three seasons, I had many fresh opportunities of watching the manner in which Doré approaches a great subject. The idea of it germinates slowly in his mind. We dwelt on London, and the way in which it should be grasped, many mornings over the breakfast-table; and through the hours of many excursions by land and water. Before any plan of pilgrimage had been settled, Doré had a score of note books full of suggestive bits, and had made a gigantic album full of finished groups and scenes; while I had filled quires of paper. *Petit à petit l'oiseau fait son nid.* We picked up straws, feathers, pebbles, clay, and bit by bit made the nest. You wonder how the swallows build the solid cups they fix under your eaves. These appear to have come by enchantment when for the first time you notice wings fluttering above your windows. But the birds have been at work with every peep of day—have never paused nor slackened.

It is in the Doré Gallery, however, rather than in the illustrated works—marvellous as these are—of the artist, that his untiring power is most strongly manifested; at the same time it is here that he has been most grievously misunderstood. Half the critics have begun by expressing their astonishment at the rapidity of the painter; and then they have gone on to remark that it is a pity he does not give more time to his pictures. This shows marks of haste; that is crude, thin, and in parts scarcely half developed; the other is a mere sketch. But here is the product of twenty years: for in all his life Doré has covered only fifty-three canvases!

No wonder that men stand astonished, confounded by the prodigious labors gathered under the fire of one man's genius into a gallery, and filling it. No wonder, again, that there should come into the gal-

lery jealous, carping, poor artists turned critics, crying "Rubbish!" A writer in no less a journal than the *Athenæum* observed, as the result of his visit, speaking of the "Neophyte"—"This picture will stand M. Doré in good stead; *the rest is trash.*" Then this writer turned to the portrait of Rossini after death:—

As to the much bepraised *post mortem* portrait of Rossini, we confess to sickening at it. One does not slap one's breast over the body of one's dead friend, then paint his likeness, and show it for a shilling. Irreverent of the dignity of death, if one did so deeply sin against love, it would be in a very different way from this—not by propping the poor corpse on pillows, neatly parting its hair, ordering its hands, putting a crucifix above the lately-beating heart, closing the eyes, and painting it, not well, with all sentimental accessories. Had the painter's art carried us beyond this travesty of sorrow, an old master's example might have been pleaded, but the things differ not less in heart than in pathos. The master who did a thing not unlike in subject to this was a master, and did not display his work with the advantages of an "exhibition light." This is one of those things which they do not do better in France than in England.

That it has been much "bepraised" seemed to turn what spare allowance of milk of human kindness the critic might carry with him, at once. The delicacy with which the great artist dwelt on the subject, and shrank from the exhibition of it, is known to all who have had the slightest personal contact with him. It is the unenviable privilege of coarse natures to wound all those who are of finer metal whom they touch. The reader is besought to dwell on the astonishing lowness of the following sentence: "One does not slap one's breast over the body of one's dead friend, then paint his likeness, and show it for a shilling." The charge implied in this is unjustifiable, because it is one that the individual who will feel it most acutely, must disdain to answer. Among gentlemen there could not possibly be two opinions as to its taste; among men of heart there could not possibly be two

opinions as to the unwarrantable nature of the imputation.

Mark again the clodhopper hand, when the description is intended to be strong. "Neatly parting" the hair of Rossini! The ignorance implied in this passage is condemnation enough. "Ordering its hands, putting a crucifix upon the lately-beating heart!" Has the writer yet to learn that the crucifix is put upon every lately-beating heart, and that the seemly disposition of the hands is the attitude with which all who have stood in chambers of death, in the country where Rossini died, are familiar?

Was not the disposition of the body of the emperor in the *Graphic* the other day, exactly that of Rossini? The contriver of clumsy phrases, generally thorny and spiteful save about a certain few, did a positive harm to Doré in this instance. The people who know Doré's gallant life; his sensitive, delicate, highly-wrought mind; and his passionate love of Rossini's art (of which Doré is so brilliant a connoisseur and so accomplished an executant) will dismiss the clownish condemnation against which I have felt bound as an Englishman to protest.

It would seem that on a certain morning, the *Athenæum*, on the lookout for an anatomist in matters artistic, fell in with a slaughterman.

The *Saturday Review* is in advantageous contrast to the *Athenæum* in its attitude toward Doré. In the *Review* the many sides of the best-known artist of our epoch are considered. "Gustave Doré stands just now as the most startling art-phenomenon in Europe; his genius at each turn changes, like colors in a kaleidoscope, into something new and unexpected."

Surely this is truer than the statement that, the "Neophyte" apart, the Doré Gallery is trash—or was when the critic visited it. In the one instance there is prejudice, coarseness of feeling, jaundice; in the other there is a liberal outlook upon the whole of the art-life of a man of genius.

The foregoing remarks on Doré as a

worker have been provoked by a pictorial summary of the events of last season, in which he is represented as one of our distinguished visitors, armed with pencils and brushes at all points. He is painting, drawing, and sketching (I wonder he is not eating and drinking also) at the same moment. The caricaturist's level of criticism is about as true and just as that of the *Athenæum* critic.

Let the reader now contemplate the last and greatest effort of the poet-artist's power—"Christ Leaving the Prætorium."

The canvas is thirty feet by twenty. In regard to execution it is a marvellous *tour de force*: and the depth and pathos of the conception are extraordinary. The beholder is fairly startled and bewildered by the prodigious tumult that encompasses the sublime central figure, which commands an awful quiet round about it—a quiet that impresses like the agonizing stillness which is the centre of a cyclone. The reality of the prodigious host that hems the Saviour round about after judgment, and his distance from the brutal soldiers, who guard him and lead the way, are effects which only genius of the highest order could conceive. The stages by which the fervid dream grew to this mighty thing—the child of one brain, formed by one pair of never-resting hands—return vividly to me while I sit wondering—who have looked upon the canvas hundreds of times, during the slow process of years which has covered it; and which has filled every square foot of it with the heat and glow of life, and sublimated the whole with the sacred tragedy that is the centre and impulse of it. The patient drawing of groups; the days and nights spent in endeavors to realize the dream of the One Presence amid the multitude; the painting and repainting; the studies of impulse to be impressed upon each of the crowd of men and women; and the exact poise of light and shade—were accomplished with a fervor that burned through every difficulty, and swept away every hindrance. Haste! I, who remember this most solemn sum of work, in nearly all its particulars, and used to speculate so often and anxiously on the fate of the great canvas, while the Germans were throwing shells into Paris; who watched the ever-heightening excitement with which, after the war

ended, and the picture had been disinterred, the toil was resumed and carried triumphantly to an end; who have seen the righteous thought which has preceded the fold of coarse garment, and the articulation of every limb; and lived in the excitement which filled the last days the canvas was to remain under the artist's hand—still wonder more than any outsider at the vast expenditure of power that is spread before me. Aye, in this, the hands answered to the brain-pan of the poet with "the patience of the ox." They were trained upon the "Neophyte," and upon the "Triumph of Christianity"—to this crowning effort, in which may be seen traces of the Byzantine school, of Raffaele, of study, in short, of the great styles of the past—but in which the genius of Doré shines with a lustre all its own.

The idealist and the realist are before us. While the turbulent host appears to move upon the spectator, and the ear almost strains to catch the deep murmurs of the passionate mob, the sublime motive of the whole fills the mind with awe. There may be many opinions on the means and methods by which the thrilling effect is produced; but there can be only one as to the extraordinary force of it upon the mind. It compels an emotion deeper than any which painter has produced in our time. The daring of the gifted man who produced it compels the spectator's respect, in these days, when so many artists are content to dwell in prettiness forever—to follow the fashion of the day, and to execute to order with the obedience of the sign painter.

By heroic work from dawn to dusk, through the boyish years most lads give at least somewhat to pleasure, the long path has been travelled to this gallery. It has been more than a journey round the world. The tentative work scattered by the way is prodigious, but a pure thirst for the highest fame has been the unfailing incentive.

As in illustration Doré has been schooling himself through many years' study of Rabelais, Dante, and Cervantes to Shakespeare, which is to be presently his *magnum opus*: so in painting he has been gallantly fighting his way *per ardua ad alta*. NEVER IN HASTE BUT ALWAYS AT WORK—should be upon the shield of my illustrious and gallant friend.